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AN
ESSAY
ON THE
Pleasures and Advantages
OF
Female LITERATURE.

By WETENHALL WILKES.

Who long has made it his peculiar Care
In ev'ry Circumstance to please the Fair;
And has thus far his growing Laurels rais'd,
The Sex in general allow — he pleas'd.
To none but Ladies therefore he applies;
To none but Ladies for Protection flies.
Such is the Female Sway — do what they will,
The Man of Taste is sure to follow still.

To this are subjoin'd,

A Prosaic ESSAY on POETRY, taken
from the Criticisms of several eminent
Authors; The CHACE, a POEM, and
three POETIC LANDSCAPES.

L O N D O N,

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the *Abbey, Westminster*. 1741.

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The DEDICATION. iii



To Admiral Vernon's Lady.

M A D A M,



W H I L E the Admiral is bravely engag'd Abroad, as an Instance of the Zeal with which I admire his Conduct, to your Protection I devote the subsequent Pages. Their Subject is to introduce into public Favour, the most exalted Beauties of the Female World; wherefore, as you are embellish'd with every desirable Effect of polite Education, you have a Right to claim them as an Offering due to your Merit. In the Admiral's Ab-

iv *The* DEDICATION.

fence they may possibly divert the vacant Hours of a rainy Day, while they may persuade others to search after useful Knowledge.

The Admiral, as a Lover--as a Defender of his Country, I admire ; and you, Madam, in the Capacities of a fine Lady, attract our general Esteem. That He may return in Safety, blest with Conquest and Glory ; and that you may have the Comfort of seeing him live many Years an Ornament to the *British* Nation, and a Favourite of his Prince and Countrymen, is the sincere Wish of, Madam,

Your most Obedient Servant,
Wetenhall Wilkes.

London, Feb. 11.

1740-L.

A N



A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
Pleasures and Advantages
of Female LITERATURE.

*The prudent value Nothing less
Than Titles, Figure, Shape and Dress;
But Merit still by them is plac'd
In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit and Taste.*

CADENUS and VANESSA.



F late in a *Coffee-House* I accidentally fell into Company with a few Gentlemen of Genius; one of whom, by way of Conversation, introduc'd some Opinions in Prejudice of Learning in the Female World, and at the same Time in Ridicule offer'd that not one Woman in Twenty, could write or dictate a Letter. This involv'd

involv'd me in a Controversy of great Concern; for, as the Ladies have hitherto been pleas'd to take my small Labours into their Protection, I think it my Duty upon all laudable Occasions to appear in their Service and Interest. I offer'd that it was highly ungenerous to Criticize on the incorrect Writing of the Fair, when by the Austerity and Rudeness of our Sex they are so generally depriv'd of the proper Means to remove such Imperfections; and farther, declaring my Esteem for Female Learning, promis'd to prove the Necessity of it.

By my opposite Party, Learning in Females was strenuously oppos'd, and dogmatically cried down as a Motive rather to increase than to correct their Levity and Haughtiness. It was farther insisted on, that the Needle and the Wheel were the proper Weapons of Women; that Females were never in their own Sphere, unless Sewing, Nursing, or taking Care of their Houses; and that, according to the *Spectator*, the Province of a Woman lay in her own Family, — *altogether in Domestic Employments.*

I endeavour'd to prove the Embellishments of the Mind and the Attainment of useful Learning to be much better Weapons for the Fair than either the Needle or the Wheel, and that such Acquisitions put them under no Necessity of neglecting their Family Affairs.

Another Objection, advanc'd on his Side was, that homebred Girls, who could write little more than their Names, were the safest from the Importunities of loose young Fellows; for that their Addresses, being for the most Part deliver'd in the softest and most elegant Stile, might often prove too persuasive for Girls of Wit and Alacrity, vers'd in the Mysteries of the Learned World;
and

and again, that Female Learning was of little Service to the Preservation of Chastity, regular Affections, connubial Obedience, Humility, Industry, Frugality, and such like simple Virtues, which are the proper Ornaments of the Female Sex.

My Answer to this *Thesis* was that, Learning (which makes the Fair an Ornament to their own Sex, and the Admiration of ours) qualifies them to distinguish justly between Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice, Reality and Appearance, and leads them to a Disquisition of Truth; the Knowledge of which Arms them against the Assaults of all unworthy Pursuits and Actions, and directs them safely to an happy Choice. I incline to believe that the Reason of Error being often mistaken for Truth, proceeds from the want of impartial Diligence in it's Search. Truth is a right Method of putting those Notions or Images of Things (in the human Intellect) into the same State and Order as their Originals hold in Nature: And this Truth is only to be found by Assiduity of good Reading—by a mature consideration of Things themselves, and not by any artificial Terms or dry, unpleasant Inquiries into rigid Principles. They, who thus arrive at the Knowledge of Truth, must certainly have the best moral Security against Error.

A Repetition of all our Arguments would be too tedious for my present Design; but from my private Reflections on this Debate, (having coolly and maturely digested the Matter since) I have collected the following Thoughts, which I shall write down by incoherent Parcels, as they occur'd. My Task shall be, with plain, unvarnish'd Reasoning, suitable to the Sincerity of my Intention, to introduce the Necessity of Female Learning,

Learning, by shewing the Inconveniences that generally attend the want of it; but, wherever I shall hint at those Inconveniences, such of the Female World, as are adorn'd with the Advantages of a polite Education, may be pleas'd to know that they are quite out of the Question. In this Rank many shine, who in their Search after Knowledge, are happily crown'd with the Attainment of every desirable Erudition; and the Charms of whose Persons yield to the Beauties of their Minds. I therefore hope that the Candor of such my Female Readers will give Sanction to my present Undertaking.

Whether I have done my Subject Justice or no, it is neither possible or proper for me to determine; but, since in the Conduct of all my Studies, it has been my great Concern to please, improve, and vindicate the Fair, I flatter myself with the Thoughts of this small Performance (though the first of my Publishing in this Kingdom,) having a Right to a favourable Reception, because it is offer'd as a Tribute of my Esteem. Presents, though ever so insignificant, receive a Value when made the Offerings of Respect.

The Necessity of Female Learning is the Subject of our future Enquiry; but it seems proper to premise the two Grand Objections insinuated against it.

It is preach'd up by some, that nothing can be a greater Sign of a Female's Humility, and Modesty, than to acquiesce in such Employments, and Exercises as Women are generally employ'd in; and not to aspire at such Knowledge as is quite out of her Sphere, and was never design'd for her. This in the subsequent Pages I shall regularly and distinctly answer.

By

By others it is objected, that Learning is apt to make them vain and assuming. It is granted, that a Smattering in Science may have that Effect; but the Reading of useful and well-chosen Books, (from which the Life, the Energy of Knowledge is to be collected,) can never so grossly impose upon the Mind. - The Perfection of our Nature is to know, that is, to be able to frame clear and distinct Ideas, to form true Judgments, and to deduce proper Consequences; and such Knowledge without Reading, without a nice Attention and frequent Application, is not to be attain'd. Then, if the Use and End of right Reasoning be to have a right Notion and a right Judgment of Things, to compare, to judge, and to act accordingly, Reading must never be held in the least Contempt. The chief Work of Learning is to warm and activate the Soul in the noble Search of Truth, to improve the Mind, to enlarge the Faculties, and to rectify the Understanding. Thus the Mind is turn'd to its own Improvement, and properly qualified for the Rewards of Virtue. For this Reason, *Cicero calls Wisdom the Princess and Guide of all other Virtues, and that wherein the Knowledge of our Sovereign Good and the End of our Being consist; as also the Choice of those Means by which we may attain it.*

For a Female to cultivate and adorn her Understanding in the Improvements of Learning (I mean such as is suitable to her Sex) is a Matter vastly more worthy of her Attention than any external Graces she can possibly put on. It is a much more laudable Employment for her to spend some early Hours in such Improvements than in consulting the Glass upon the State of her Health and Beauty. It must likewise be al-

low'd, that she will receive more Profit and Solid Pleasure from Reading ingenious Authors; than in wearing out the Morning in ranging in Order, her Essences, Perfumes, Combs, Pomatums, Washes, Patches, &c. and in placing and unplacing the Trinkets of the Toilet; all which make up no more than Contrivance in Folly, and Confusion in Order.

Nothing can come into the Account of discreet Recreation, that does not produce somewhat of future Pleasure or Profit as well as present Delight. Reading conveys to us very sensible Pleasure for the present; it extends our Faculties and improves them, and in a great Measure lengthens out our Lives, by turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage. The Intellect is a very grateful Soil; but then, like a Field, it requires Manuring; for want of which the most pernicious Weeds and Flowers of the wildest Growth are bred in the richest Soil. By the *Spectator* (N^o. 554) the human Soul is compar'd to a rough Diamond, which requires Art, Labour and Time, to polish it. Sensual Pleasures rather stupify than divert or improve; they play upon the Organ, and dull the Appetite: The Repetition of them is insipid and the Remembrance of them is irksome, but those of the Understanding are of a more refin'd Nature, intense and never to be remov'd. All the empty Spaces of Life, which to the idle seem tedious and burthensome, would, if employ'd in Reading, and in the Pursuit of Knowledge, become both Pleasant and Profitable.

I remember to have read the Characters of many fine Ladies, who had all the Philosophers untranslated for the Ornaments of their Closets;
and

and who valued Themselves more upon their Progress in Learning than all their other Charms. By this they were enabled to look into the History of past Ages, and to learn the Methods of Divine Providence over the Frame and Constitution of Nature; and by Reading the Works of ancient Sages, they discover'd the Excellences of Wisdom and Virtue, and fortified their Minds by the Strength of their Precepts, the Strictness of their Rules, and the sublime Doctrines of Piety, which they with so much Elegance recommended. Among those Heroines the Glorious Queen *Elizabeth* was universally distinguish'd, and was in this, as in many other Respects, equally worthy to be admir'd and imitated. The Ladies of this Age are as capable as they were, and have as great a Desire to be thought Polite as they had. They have likewise easier Access to extensive Knowledge, because so many ancient Authors are faithfully and learnedly translated into their Native Language. What then is the Reason that so many of them are not really so? What is the Obstacle? Are they startled at the Undertaking, or is it the Singularity of the Thing? Is an ingenious, well-bred Woman such a Prodigy? Are the Ladies of this Age apprehensive of being star'd at or admir'd for being so? If the Reputation of those Ladies, which has so long surviv'd them, be approv'd of, why is not their Example follow'd? Imitation is a Debt we owe to every Thing we praise. Such Females then must be greatly overseen, who so exactly imitate every start-up Fashion, and at the same Time neglect what most deserves Imitation.

I do not recommend it as absolutely necessary for a young Lady to puzzle herself with *French*,

Italian, Latin, or any other Foreign Languages because she may meet with sufficient Amusement and Instruction in her own: Besides, as it is *English*, that one Educated and Living in *England* must have constant Use of, it is obvious to think *that* to be the Language she ought chiefly to cultivate, *that* which she ought critically to study and endeavour to get a Facility, Clearness and Elegance to express herself in. Among the ancient *Romans*, all Persons of Figure and Rank were daily employ'd in learning the Beauties of their Mother-tongue; and to the *Greeks* (who were a very Learned People) all Speech was Barbarous but their own.

To Read well is the first and greatest Article in a young Lady's Education. There is a certain Beauty and Harmony of Voice requir'd in Reading, which without a nice Attention and close Application is not to be obtain'd. The Art of it lies in placing the *Emphasis*, in giving the proper *Accent* to every Word, and in varying the Voice according to the Nature of the Sentence. Towards the graceful Performance of this the following Rules may be of Use.

I hope I shall be pardon'd for introducing into this Essay a few Paragraphs from a Pamphlet entitled, a *Letter of Genteel and Moral Advice to a young Lady* * &c. which I publish'd in *Dublin* last Winter. My principal Reason for so doing arises from my knowing of very few of those Pamphlets being in this Kingdom, and from my Desire to communicate every Product of my Studies to such of my Female Readers as are willing to improve in Virtue and Knowledge.

The

The most obvious Points to be observ'd in Reading are those Six; a *Comma* (,), a *Semicolon* (;), a *Colon* (:), a *Period* (.), a *Note of Interrogation* (?), and a *Note of Admiration* (!).

At a *Comma* you are to stop so long as you may deliberately say -- One; at a *Semicolon* so long as you may repeat -- One, Two; at a *Colon* so long as you may repeat -- One, Two, Three; at a *Period* as long as you may repeat — One, Two, Three, Four; at a *Note of Interrogation* (that is where a Question is ask'd) you are to stop the same Space of Time as at a *Colon*, and to raise your Voice a little. At a *Note of Admiration* you are to do the same. Jerks and Starts of the Voice in Reading destroy the Sense; wherefore make your Stops and Pauses regular as the Points direct. All who understand Nice Reading must know, that, by misplacing the *Accent* * or *Emphasis*, the Meaning of the whole Sentence may be inverted. The finest Ornaments of an Oration appear dull and feeble when the Rules of graceful Reading are neglected. Let the Sound of your Voice in Reading be the same as it is in Speaking. Pronounce every Syllable distinct and clear, and carefully avoid a drawling Tone. Never pronounce a Word before you have spell'd every Syllable of it in your Mind. Never read louder than to be heard by those you are Reading to. Your Voice should always humour the Sense. In the Reading of a News-Paper, or the Relation of any thing that has been done, the

Accents

* The raising or falling of the Voice on a certain Syllable in a Word is call'd the *Accent*; and the Stress or Force of Voice laid on a particular Word in a Sentence is call'd the *Emphasis*. The Emphatical Word gives the Beauty or Spirit to the whole Sentence, because it shews the chief Design of the Author.

Accents must be varied very little; but where the Subject is affecting or persuasive, the manner of pronouncing must be more strong and passionate. Where the Sense is Grave and Solemn, let your Voice be more slow, and pronounce every Word more distinctly; but, where the Subject is some easy and pleasant Matter, a more speedy Pronunciation is allow'd. To read too fast is always a greater Fault than to read too slow. Avoid Uniformity of Voice, as if you were running over a meer Catalogue of single, disunited Words. Listen with Attention to Persons who read well — observe their manner of pronouncing, and mark every place where they alter the Sound. By imitating them you will learn a graceful Cadence of Voice, and will be secur'd against any self-pleasing or unhappy Tone. Be likewise desirous to read in the Presence of such as have a Musical Ear, and take Pleasure in being inform'd and corrected by them. Many are the Advantages that arise from Transcribing. By it true Spelling and Pointing will be made Familiar to you. It will imprint the Subject on your Memory, and will so fix your Attention to the Author's Method, that you will take in his various Beauties with the greatest Ease and Pleasure. I advise all young Persons never to Attempt the Reading of Poetry before they can read Prose distinctly, and with a true Observance of all the Stops. In Reading *English* Verse, every Word must be pronounc'd with its natural Accent, as in Prose; with these two Allowances, first, at the end of every Line, though there be no Stop, make a short Pause to give Notice that the Line is ended; Secondly, if any Word in the Line happens to have two Sounds, chuse to give that Sound to it which most favours the Metre

Metre and the Rhime. The Sense of the Author must be humour'd in Verse as in Prose, by Reading swift or slow, according to the Variety of the Subject, without affecting to add new Music to the Lines by an unnatural Tone of the Voice.

I have again involv'd myself in a Necessity of asking Pardon of all literate Females, for presuming to give such familiar Advice; but in such Places as it may be wanted, an Observance of those Rules will greatly enable a Lady to read any *English* Author. When a young Person has advanc'd in the Pursuit of being inform'd, and has likewise, with an humble Desire of improving in Knowledge, been reconcil'd to the pleasing Fatigue of Study, the Labour is half over — the Conquest half obtain'd.

The Solidity of Pleasure between the knowing and unknowing World must naturally be resolv'd from serious Reflections on this important Topic.

Such Sallies of short-liv'd Mirth, as proceed from public Diversions, are generally of so violent a Nature that, like a Blaze of Thorns, they suddenly consume themselves; and seldom fail to leave a sullen Heaviness — a Fatigue and Dejection of Spirits behind them: But the Delights which flow from the well-tim'd Reading of well-chosen Books are pure, solid, and lasting. Though Company and gay Recreations are the general Cordials for dejected Minds; yet there is a kind of pleasing Pensiveness that accompanies Reading — a Retreat from the Tumults of overbearing Passions, from which a Consolation flows that strengthens the Faculties, and enlarges the Mind beyond any Thing that can proceed from Mirth.

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The Understanding is the most elevated Faculty of the Soul, and is employ'd with greater and more constant Delight than any of the other: So that, if the Understanding be well inform'd, the moral Conduct of the Will is pure and upright; but irregular and inconstant, if the other be weak and deluded.

It is falsely and rudely asserted by several, that there is no such thing in Nature as a Woman's Soul. This dogmatical Absurdity might be easily confuted; yet with Concern I tell it, that too many young Ladies are brought up as if that Assumption were true, there is such an expensive Care taken about their Bodies. They are for the first seven Years thought unfit for Instruction; and so their little Passions sprout up without Controul. When their Reason begins to sparkle, they are led into the Dressing Room to be taught the Mysteries of the Glass and the Secrets of the Toilet; where they immediately learn which Wash clears the Complexion, which preserves and which repairs it; and thus Beauty becomes the first Object of their Care. As their Years advance, according to the Improvement in the Dancing-School, at Plays, Balls, Opera's, Ridotto's, &c. their Passions increase with their Vanity, and grow above all Restraint. Thus Folly of Course becomes their Guide, and Levity their Companion. Now, what can be expected from a young Lady so brought up in Ease—in the Gaudy Amusements of high Life, and in an utter Ignorance of serious Instructions?

The fatal Source of all Female Mismanagements, and the true Origin of all their Failings is bad Education; and to be brought up in the Study of Dress ——— and the Neglect of *Reading*,
can

can bear no softer Name. Politeness does not consist in Dancing, Dress, or in the various Ceremonies of Visiting, but in the Improvement of Reason; in suggesting to the Mind what is wise and pure; in helping us to discover and subdue every vain Passion of our Hearts and every false Judgment of our Minds: But bad Impressions on Youth are like *Italian* Poisons that Work for Years after they are taken; and the Mistakes in Education (such as to be Nurs'd up in Pride and Delicacy, in Ease and Vanity, in Gaity and Luxury and the other Errors attending high Life), like an Error in the first Concoction, spread their obnoxious Influences through all the succeeding Scenes of Life.

Since Women as well as Men have intelligent Souls, why should they be debarr'd from the Improvement of them? If it were intended by Nature, that Man should Monopolize all Learning to himself, why were the Muses Female, who (as *Orpheus* observes in his *Hymn. Mus.* were the Mistresses of all the Sciences, and the Presidents of Music and Poetry? Since Heaven has not deny'd the Faculty of thinking to the Female World, why should they be confin'd to low and homebred Studies? We must allow that, as there are some Stomachs which can only digest light Delicacies, so there are some Minds which can apply themselves only to the Study of easy Truths, and those adorn'd with persuasive Eloquence: For all Persons therefore, before they set themselves upon any sublime Enquiries, it is necessary they should examine their own Abilities, and try what Objects their Understandings are able to deal with; but nothing can be more reasonable, than that Women as well as Men should have Light enough to guide them to

the Knowledge of their Maker, and the Sight of their own Duties. They have an equal Right to furnish themselves with solid and useful Knowledge; and, since the Beauties of the Mind are so often requir'd to secure the Conquest that their Eyes have made, it would be cruel and unjust to exempt them from such additional Ornaments, as even Time can have no Influence on, but to improve and to embellish them.

As it may be affirm'd, that for the most Part there is a finer Sense, a nicer Taste, a readier Apprehension, a clearer Mind, and a gentler Disposition in the Female Sex, than ours, it is not to be question'd but that, if those Tempers were rightly improv'd by proper Studies, they would make a greater Figure in Learning, and be more eminent Instances of an exalted Piety, than are found among the Generality of Men. If they were but allow'd this Privilege, I greatly suspect they would often prove our Superiors.

Though Self-Admiration always Eclipses the Lustre of a Lady's Beauty, yet in them Emulation is highly commendable, so far as it is supported by essential Merit; wherefore it is not fair to deny them the Means of examining and judging what in reality is so. Such an Imposition may be attended with pernicious Consequences; for to all judicious and candid Persons it is evident, that the more contracted and unemploy'd the deliberating and directing Power of the Mind is, the more liable is the elective to unworthy Pursuits and discommendable Options.

That Female, who has no other Excellencies to value herself upon, will be proud of her Family, Fortune, Beauty, &c. and those Externals are sufficient to swell her with Vanity enough to put in her Claim for universal Esteem. She
not

not knowing that such volatile Conceits will enervate her Mind, debauch her Reason, and debase her Behaviour with Self-love and Arrogance, exposes herself to the Compliments, Adulation, Impertinences, and deluding Gallantries of Rakes, Fops and Beaux: Whereas she who has obtain'd a well-inform'd and discerning Mind, sees through and despises all the frustrate Artifices that may be us'd to subvert her Honour and Virtue.

Again, she, who understands wherein the Perfections of human Nature consist, will lay out her Invention and Endeavours in the Attainment of such Perfections; but she who wants Judgment to compare between Reality and Appearance, is apt to take up with the first Objects that offer, if they bear any plausible Resemblance to what she desires. Nor can any other be justly expected than that when a young Lady is taught to value herself upon her Dress, Beauty, Fortune, or any other outward Graces, she should (as her Judgment is weak and unimprov'd) at once be dazzled with Finery, and fall in with the Vain and the Gay, who are generally attended with so much Admiration and Courtesy. Hence it appears that Ignorance and an Illiterate Education are the Prime Motives to all the imprudent Choices of the Fair, and that Imitation and Custom establish them for Habits. An Application to Vanity evigorates the Intellect — destroys the Contexture and Frame of any Mind; and then an habitual Indifference renders it incapable of any Heroic Acquirements, until at last it becomes as frothy and volatile as the Things it converses with. Where then is the great Surprize when such Young Ladies as are thus brought up are unhappy in their Choices, and are ready to receive for their Husbands,

Rakes, Fops, Butterflies and Beaux; who, though they may make Gay and Modish Companions, frequently leave Entail'd upon their Wives and Families the pernicious Consequences of a dissolute, licentious Life? It would not be fair to expect that they should dislike Vanity and Finery in Men, since they are taught to admire both in themselves.

A Woman that prefers the Ornaments of her Body to those of her Mind is incapable of receiving the Life and Spirit of Piety. That deprav'd Temper is attended with a thousand Follies, and renders the whole Course of a Female's Life, her Conversation and Solitude, her Business and Diversions, her Hopes and Fears, her Taste and Pleasures, all suitable to it.

The Neglect of Reading gives Life to every idle Temper, supports every trifling Passion, and keeps the Mind from all Thoughts of a prudent, useful Conduct. The Revd. Mr. Law* observes that, *as Consideration is the only Eye of the Soul; and, as the Truths of Religion can be seen by nothing else, so whatever raises a Levity of Mind—a trifling Spirit, renders the Soul incapable of seeing, apprehending and relishing the Doctrines of Piety.*

A Spirit devoted to Pleasures and Diversions, or meanly subject to Laziness and Sloth, is a Slave to every Passion in its turn, and by a supine Ignorance is led astray into the Neglect of every necessary Duty.

It is confess'd that the Integrity of Persons who know but little engages us to overlook that wherein they ignorantly transgress; but no Folly can be more indecent or inglorious than a stupid,

* In his *Serious Call to a devout and holy Life.*

stupid, supine Indifference to Learning and Politeness. What is it but the want of Learning that often makes Female Conversation so petulant, inconsiderate, censorious or insipid, and renders their Solitude so insupportable? What is it that makes them have so many dull half Days, and lets such a considerable part of their Time lye heavy on their Hands? Surely, they can't charge Learning with either. A prudent, well-read Woman is Abroad both useful and agreeable, and at Home she can entertain herself: But what a restless, trifling Piece of Furniture is an illiterate Female in a Rainy-Day! Her Understanding is over-run with Weeds; and, let her Appearance be ever so graceful, she at best turns out but like a Tulip in a Garden — which carries all its Beauties without, and is good for nothing within.

From the Flattery of external Objects arises that Querulousness — that Delicacy of Temper † which many Ladies affect, and mistake for a Piece of nice Breeding and Grandeur; and from the same Original proceed their Levity and Inconstancy, than either of which nothing can give greater Evidence of a weak, injudicious Mind: But the noble Effects of Learning are vastly more Generous and Sublime. It models and rectifies our Inclinations; it directs us how to be merry without Folly, chearful without Levity, Gay without Vanity, affable without Flattery, and grave without Formality. It corrects our Passions, and strengthens our Resolutions: It conforms our Dispositions to the Practice of what we know, and thereby to approve ourselves

† This Temper is describ'd in the *Toy-Shop* and several Plays.

ourselves to the Divine Author of Knowledge. Now, to the end that this great Design may be the better pursued and effectually obtain'd, our Understandings are thereby made clear and comprehensive, as well as our Affections regular, and our Knowledge able to govern our Zeal. We are directed by Learning to make frequent and exact Enquiries into our own Hearts, that by fully understanding the Weakness of human Nature, we may be the better able to bear with its Defects, and by the most prudent Methods to procure its Amendment. It likewise sets open to our View the Dignity and Excellence of our own Souls, and instructs us how to keep up their Character. Thus we are brought to a compleat Government of ourselves, to rule our Passions according to Reason—not according to Humour. Learning represents Virtue in all her Charms and native Loveliness. It joins the Strictness of Philosophy to the Sweetness of Humanity; both which together being improv'd and heighten'd by Grace, are the principal Ingredients requir'd to make up an accomplish'd Christian. Now is it reasonable that the Female Sex should be depriv'd of the Means whereby to purchase that great Character? Nothing can be more unjust—nothing more ungenerous.

Such Men as argue against Learning in Women, can consider them in no other View, than as so many toss'd-out, empty, vain Creatures, fitted up to allure and gratify their Passions; and what can be a baser Affront or greater Indignity offered to so noble a Part of the Creation? They are abus'd and injur'd when they are told that any thing could be an Ornament in the wisest of Men that would not likewise be an Ornament in them.

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The Wheel, Needle, or any other innocent, useful Work may help to preserve a sedate Frame of Mind, and to quicken its Aversion to Sloth and Idleness; but nothing can so well secure it from foolish Passions, as Reading the Works of those who have Labour'd in the Study of Wisdom, and gathering Experience from their good Example.

The Education of Women is of the utmost Importance to human Life; for, as they are the Mistresses of Families, and are intrusted with the grounding of the first Principles in the Children of both Sexes, so Women of good or bad Education can do as much Good, or as much Mischief in their own Sphere as good or bad Men can do in the greatest Business of Life. To strengthen this Assumption, it will appear upon the nicest Enquiry, that the Soundness or Folly of our Minds is in a great measure owing to the Principles we imbib'd from our Mothers; who generally in the Nursery communicate all their Excellences or Defects to their tender Offspring. The first Impressions frequently stick the closest.

The Opinion is taken from *Socrates*, that, as we call our first Language our Mother Tongue, so we may as justly call our first Tempers our Mother — Tempers; for they have the first forming of our Bodies and our Minds. Co-incident to this are these Lines of *Mr. Dryden*.

- " *Children, like tender Oziers, take the Bow;*
- " *And, as they first are fashion'd, always grow:*
- " *For what we learn in Youth, to that alone*
- " *In Age we are by second Nature prone.*

Whatever Levity of Mind may be observ'd in the Female World, is not at all owing to the Prin-

Principles of their Nature, but to the Principles that are wrought into them by a deprav'd Education: Yet, if that rude and false Assumption of Female Tempers being naturally vain and light were granted, how blameable must that Education be, which, instead of correcting or removing such Weaknesses, seems rather to be artfully contriv'd to strengthen and increase their Folly?

How greatly then is the World infatuated, when the Generality of People conspire to make the most delicate Part of the Creation sleep in Ignorance, and to give up all their Thoughts to Vanity; to the various Arts of improving their Dress; to the different Ceremonies of impertinent Visits; and to the idle Entertainments and Diversions that are invented to chouse them out of their Cash and Wit together?

If it were but universally consider'd, that Women have as great a Share in the rational World as Men have, and that they have as much Reason to aspire at the highest Virtues and Accomplishments as the gravest and wisest Christian Philosophers; how many Blessings and Ornaments might we reasonably expect from the Fair Sex, who are form'd by their natural Tempers to all Goodness and Tenderness, and so adapted by the Brightness and Clearness of their Minds, to admire and imitate every thing that is Polite, Virtuous and Divine!

It is a most lazy and ignoble Carelessness to undervalue the Pleasures and Advantages of Learning, or to neglect the Improvement of Knowledge to the Ends for which it was given. The surest way to purchase Happiness, must be to let as little of our Time as possible slip away unobserv'd or unimprov'd; and it is also a General Rule,

Rule, that we can never be in the true possession of human Life, but when we are in the Satisfaction of some innocent Pleasure, or in the pursuit of some laudable Acquirements. How far the Pleasures of a studious Life surpass the most refined Diversions and the gayest Scenes of Mirth, I have already shewn.

She, whose Mind is embellish'd with sound and useful Learning, when blest with a Virtuous Humility, is the best bred and best temper'd—adorn'd with Thousands of engaging Charms—most happy in herself, and most agreeable and Beneficial to all she converses with.

*Learning appears most amiably Refin'd,
When join'd with Virtue in a Female Mind.*

No Emulation sits more graceful on a Lady's Breast than that of conversing and corresponding correctly; nor is any part of Female Education more genteel and necessary. I have been honour'd with the Correspondence of some Ladies, whose Letters would bear the nicest Examination. They were Writ in a True Spirit of Elegance and Justness of Style; with Humour and Alacrity; Ease and Freedom, and were clear of all Symptoms of Affectation or Labour. I often take pleasure in reading them over, and still discover new Beauties, in favour of Virtue, Learning and Humility.

On the contrary, there can scarce be a greater Defect in a Female, than the want of Ability how to express herself well either in Speaking or Writing, without a Repetition of bald and poor Phrases to supply the place of Connexion, Propriety, and Order.

A decent Share of Vanity seldom sits uneasy on the Fair Sex; which makes me often admire

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how their Emulation can sleep in an Affair of such Importance, and that all their Endeavours are not laid out to come up to the Character of those Ladies, whose Acquisitions are so frequently represented in all their Lustre. Mr. *Addison* * elegantly reduces all Superiority that one *Person can have over another to the Notion of Quality*; which considered at large, is either that of Fortune, the Body or Mind. The first consists in Birth, Title or Riches; the second in Health, Strength, or Beauty; and the third has its Rise from Wisdom, which is the Knowledge of Truth, directing a Judgment and Rule of human Actions, and whose Employment is Virtue. The Death-Bed sets the Emptiness of the two first in a true Light. Then Birth, Wealth and Honours—Health, Strength, and Beauty, lye under the meanest Circumstances of human Nature; but the Benefits of Knowledge, and a practical Obedience to the Laws of Purity and Virtue will meet with eternal Rewards suitable to the Exercise of them here. Hence it appears, that the Beauties of the Mind are vastly superior to those of the Body. Then is it not strange, that the Fashions take up so much of the Ladies Thoughts, and that the generous Improvement of their Minds should be so supinely rejected? With great Deference to the Sex I speak: But the only way I can account for it, is this. When such mistaken Ladies look into their Minds, they find so many Disorders to be rectify'd, and so many Wants to be supply'd, that they are startled at the Thoughts of repairing so many Defects; and so, being asham'd to confess their Ignorance, they inadvertently sink in-

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to many Female Weaknesses. In this Case it is often a disagreeable Civility to attempt letting in the Rays of Understanding upon such Minds as are used to subsist in the Dark. That would be (as an eminent Modern observes) like opening Day-Light upon a Nest of Owls.

However, there is still one Method left to remove such Defects, and to obtain the good and polite Qualities of the rational World; and that is to throw off all Prejudice and Self-Conceit, to put on an earnest Desire of being improv'd, and to take an Aversion to Ignorance and Obstinacy. If a Young Lady thus prepar'd will sit down and read with Attention Learned and Eloquent Authors, and set them before her as Patterns for her Daily Imitation, she will by pleasing Degrees be taught to know wherein, according to its several Subjects and Designs, the Skill and Graces of a handsome Narrative lye. Thus she will acquire true Ideas of Eloquence — thus she will learn the Purity of Language, and be able to speak clearly and persuasively on any Subject.

Some Ladies are apt to imagine themselves well read, when they run over a parcel of Plays, light Poems, Romances and Novels; but here they greatly impose upon themselves. Such Reading is indeed allowable, and innocently entertaining; but unless great Care be taken, instead of fortifying and improving the Genius, it rather forwards it in the pursuit of Folly, and palls its Relish for sublimer Truths. These volatile, amusing Works, must be read sparingly, and with great Caution; otherwise such Parts of them as are not strictly ty'd down to Sedateness, will inculcate such light, over-gay Notions, as may by unperceiv'd Degrees soften and

mislead the Understanding. But the perusal of Judicious Authors puts Ladies in the way of Ingenious Conversation, and of exalting all their Pleasures by refining them: It will enable them to form adequate Ideas of the Dignity of their own Natures; it will regulate their Affections, enliven their Spirits, and enlarge their Prospects: Whereas Ignorance, Pride and Levity, are inseparable Diseases of the Mind, which, like a Complication of Corporeal Distempers, Nourish and Foment one another.

When one Lady, who is distinguish'd for her Merit, is commended in the Presence of another who is diffident of her own Worth, the latter is apt to be assaulted with Blushes, Prejudice and Resentment, and thinks the Praise given to the former detracts from her Character. Here she discovers the Weakness of her own Heart, and is condemn'd by her own and not another's Judgment. It is observable, that we are never angry with others, but when we know or suspect their Opinions of us to be contrary to that which we entertain of ourselves. However Candor proclaims, that to commend any Person without just Grounds is no more than, in a Modish way, to rob the deserving of their proper Right.

Affectation, Vanity, Pride, Extravagance, Ill-Nature, and all the other Foibles that stain a Female Reputation, are as naturally owing to the want of good Reading, as Thirst is to the want of Moisture in the Glands. Thus some Ladies, by an Aversion to Literature, become compleat Mistresses of what they call *Delicacy*, but what Reason calls Folly and Impertinence. No Person of whatsoever Merit can please them; every Thing they order is done wrong; they

with great Oratory and Copiousness of Expression describ'd the Foibles of such and such Ladies of their Acquaintance. What an awkward Thing, says one, that Miss *Diddle* is! Yet replies another, she has Vanity enough. The third breaks in thus — O, I'll tell you News, Ladies; there's Miss *Judy*, ye know (that for all her youthful Face, is a Guinea and an Half at least, has an Intrigue upon her Hands with Mr. *Mockmode*; I saw them both Coach it to the Play last Night. Dear Ladies, says a fourth, let us change this sweet innocent Chat to something of greater Consequence. Then with Variety of Phrases and Fluency of Invention (suitable to the great Importance of her Discourse,) and with as much affected Correctness as if she were speaking to the *Spectator*, she descanted first upon the Fashion of Fans, Ribbons, Heads, Lace; shew'd Patterns of *India* Silks, told their Rates; and then with all the Figures of *Mock-Rhetoric*, branch'd out into a Dissertation on the various Excellences of her Lapdog — told the same Qualities of the dear Creature over and over, and added every Time a different Turn to every Momentous Circumstance. At last they fell a rallying one another's Dress, and all talk'd at once, without the least Coherence or Attention. I observ'd that one young Lady, of a Lively Mien and florid Conversation, display'd an unaffected Ease through all her Deportment, and often entertain'd the rest with somewhat new and polite; Yet, because her Jest's were not so pert or fantastical as those of the rest, as soon as she had taken Leave, she was unmercifully ridicul'd and laugh'd at by the fair Detractors, for being a formal Creature, destitute of Wit, and Alacrity. So Modish — so natural is Censure tipt with Scandal

Scandal to such Ladies whose Minds are unimprov'd, that Gravity passes for Stupidity, Sedateness for Formality, Piety for Hypocrisy, Loquacity for Wit, Raillery for refin'd Conversation, and fulsome Compliments for Tip-Top Gallantry. How shall a Lady behave when so many of her Sex acquiesce in such capital Errors? It is highly convenient for such Fair Illiterates or Smatterers in Learning (for no others are thus infected) who are so taken up with their own Chat, as rarely to consult whether they speak to the purpose or not, so they talk a great deal, to be inform'd that the most difficult Piece of good Breeding is to know when to use, and when to hold one's Tongue; and that Politeness often takes up with Silence, and Eloquence with Persons of few Words. If they imagine that talking much will display their Parts, and procure Esteem, they quite mistake their Interest; for to usurp more of the Discourse than comes to one's Share, is to usurp a Privilege and Superiority over those who are forc'd to Silence. Such Conversation never gains a favourable Reception from the Hearers, but becomes insipid and tedious. It is much easier, safer, and far more laudable to speak justly by speaking little. There is a way of doing this without the Imputation of Stupidity; nor is there a better Sign of true Wit and a great Genius, than to conceal Part of one's Talents. *Silence (says Tacitus) is a sweet Eloquence, for Fools in their Silence are accounted Wise. Carry thy Thoughts seal'd up in Silence (says Cicero) for it is a special Excellence to speak little and well. True Wit (says Mr. Pope in his Letters to Mr. Wycherly) may be defin'd a Justness of Thought, and a Facility of Expression; and again he observes that great Dealers in Wit,*
like

those in Trade, take least Pains to set off their Goods; while the Haberdashers of small Wit spare for no Decorations or Ornaments. Affected Oratory or excessive Talking is a kind of mistaken Eloquence, not imputable to good Reading but to the want of it; and is to be consider'd, not as Discourse, but as weak and unimprov'd *Helps to it. When sound Judgment is accompanied with Wit, then the Judgment insures whatever the Wit ventures at. And like painted Feathers in the *Indian* Crowns, by being properly plac'd, they reflect an agreeable Lustre on each other; but Wit is a very dangerous Guest, if not thus guarded.

By what I have offer'd, I would not be mistaken to have the least Desire for perswading Ladies to pursue the Rigors and Severities of Philosophy, or to engage in any Studies but such as are suitable to their Sex. The Learning I recommend to them is an Enquiry into such Truths as may Principle them in their Duty, and the Reading of so much in Moral and Religious Authors, as may enable them to form in their Minds true Conceptions of the Author of Existence and his Attributes; of their own Beings and the Purposes for which they were made, that they may conform their Knowledge to the Practice of Generosity and Virtue, and be † able to tell the Reasons why they do so. This demands a clear Understanding and an improv'd Mind, an unprejudic'd Spirit and Serenity of Thought; that all together may move the Will to a direct Pursuit of Good, and steadfast Adherence to it:

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* See *Rapin's* Book of Eloquence.

† 1 *St. Pet. ch. iii. Ver. 15.*

for, if the Understanding be ignorant and cloudy, it is but by Chance if the Will be right.

Upon what has been said, I presume it may be allow'd, First, that though domestic Œconomy be the most immediate Female Business, neither the Body or Mind can be always screw'd up to it; Secondly, that it is therefore necessary to find out proper Recreations to relax and refresh the Part that has been tir'd with Exercise, that may contribute not only to present Ease, but likewise to future Delight; and, Thirdly, that the first Part of a reasonable Creature's Leisure is due to the Study of Wisdom and the Practice of good Works. It is then no difficult Matter to determine whether there is not more Pleasure, Credit and Profit, in the Acquirement of useful Learning, than in the Invention of a new Fashion, in Dressing up to the Mode, or finding out new Ways to recover and preserve a Complexion. Such trifling Amulements appear to me like Whipt Syllibubs, that may please the Eye, but never nourish the Stomach.

In this Essay I don't at all incline to use too great a Severity against the Fair. My chief Design is to plead their Interest, to vindicate their natural Dispositions, to commend their Genius, to set forth their Perfections and Sweetness of Temper, and to assert their Right: But (I hope it will be allow'd that) the natural Tendency which an Illiterate Education has to oppose their Interests, is sufficient to justify the most absolute Condemnation of it.

*“ For, Oh! what pity, tis to find
 “ Such Beauties both of Form and Mind,
 “ By modern Breeding so debas'd,
 “ In half the Female World at least.*

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they change their Dress three or four Times in a Morning; waste half the Day at the Toilet; change their Tire-Women, with their own Faults; ransack Milliners and China-Shops, in a Non-Dress, and spend the rest of the Day in trifling Amusements:—Every Person they talk of undergoes their Censure; the wittiest Things they hear won't make them smile; the finest Scenes of a Play make them Nod and Yawn. They have an inconceivable Flow of Words to heighten or depress whatever is graceful or blameable in others: But, if you ever praise the Beauty or Merit of other Ladies before them, they will make a personal Quarrel of it, and upbraid you with Prejudice or want of Judgment. Thus by more vexatious Pains than Reading does require, they become tiresome to their Acquaintance, uneasy to themselves, and hated by their Servants. Nor does this mistaken *Delicacy* procure them the Character of an exquisite Taste; but makes them consider'd in the World as worthless, ill-bred, troublesome Creatures, fill'd up with Folly, Spleen, Caprice, Contradiction and Vapours.

A well inform'd Mind proceeds upon quite different Principles. Ease and Complacency are her chief Companions; Innocence and integrity her inseparable Friends; Charity and Humility her Daily Exercise; Knowledge and Happiness her highest Ambition. Thoughts never lye idle, or supinely run a drift with any loose or ill-directed Passion, but are always engag'd in the pursuit of Happiness. She considers herself as an active Being, always to be employ'd (whether in the Paths of Innocence or Folly, Virtue or Vice,) therefore fills up all the space of Time in doing that which besides the present Delight or
Ease,

Ease, may conduce somewhat to future Pleasure or Profit. Thus the gradual Acquirements and well-tim'd Employments of a rightly instructed Mind diffuse a pleasing, regular Warmth through the whole human System vastly superior to all the giddy Starts and Raptures that arise from Frolic, Mirth or all the Humours of the Age.

In Opposition to those Ladies of *Delicacy*, lately mention'd, upon a sedate View of Things, we will find that in good Nature, Singleness and Simplicity of Heart, unaffected Complaisance, a certain Openness of Behaviour, an agreeable Negligence, and an unconstrain'd Carriage, the Art of good Breeding chiefly -- consists. Whether the Reading of Ingenious Writers (who have labour'd in the Search of Knowledge, who have beautifully display'd the Benefits of Polite Education, who have expos'd the Deformities and Disadvantages of the want of it, and have persuasively introduc'd the Love of Virtue) appears to be the most likely Means to secure those amiable Qualities, even the Prejudic'd against Learning have Liberty to Judge.

Various and beyond Description are the Inconveniences that besiege the Mind in Vacancy of Employment! Great and intolerable are the Remarks, Censures and Impertinences of illiterate Females! It is not very long since I was introduc'd to a Circle of Ladies, some of whom had (I am convinc'd) a delicate Taste, a refin'd Genius, and an improv'd Judgment. While I was agreeably Entertain'd by a few of them who had withdrawn from the Major Part into one Corner of the Room, there appear'd a certain Disorder and Confusion among others which detected the Levity of injudicious Minds. Some of them
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Having thus far recommended the Pleasures and Advantages of Literature to the Female World, I now proceed to give some Directions to the Fair concerning * the choice Books they are to read.

On the Word of God, as reveal'd in Canonical Scriptures our Faith must be grounded; therefore the Bible should be the daily Study of all Christians. We should read it always with Attention, Reverence, Candor and Caution; and should try ourselves by every Doctrine there. The Sacred History should be the Soul of all our Deliberations — should be the Standard of all our Conduct. The surest Means we can use to arrive at a true Estimate of ourselves, and to find out the secret Faults and Vices that lurk within us, is to examine ourselves by the Rules that are laid down for our Direction in *Sacred Writ*, and to compare our Lives with the Life of him who liv'd up to the Perfection of human Nature, and is the standing Example as well as the great Guide and Instructor of those who receive his Doctrines. The shortest, surest and † safest Method to get a satisfactory and masterly Insight in all necessary Parts of Divine Revelation appears to be this: Though the Scriptures contain many Points too subtil and abstruse for a clear Judgment to be form'd concerning them; yet, since in apt, familiar Parable, Similitude and Allegory, our great Master has enforc'd the Doctrine of our Salvation, where we meet with a Mystery, we should resign our Intellects to what may seem to be the Intention of the Writer, and rest with

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* The subsequent Paragraphs may be compar'd with the *Letter of Advice*, &c. that I lately publish'd, page 99, &c.

† See the said Letter, page 49.

an easy Intelligence concerning it; but we should never withdraw our firm Assent from it—because it is the Word of God.

Next to Holy Writ and Books of Devotion, no Reading can be of greater Advantage than the Lives of pious Persons. No Ideas strike more forcibly upon the Imagination, than those which are rais'd from Reflections on the respective Manners of great and excellent People, who have liv'd before us. They become Subjects for our Admiration and Example. When we turn our Thoughts upon the Conduct of Persons, who liv'd and dy'd in the full Possession of Virtue; who behav'd with an equal, a chearful, a generous and heroic Temper, and dy'd in the exalted Hopes of a Glorious hereafter—, the Curiosity of our Souls is more than ordinarily awaken'd. We feel a Secret Impulse within us—a generous Emulation to imitate them; and we are proportionably affected by their Virtues, as we imagine them imitable by ourselves.

A sure way for a young Lady to improve by Reading the Lives and Actions of those, who have been Famous in their Generation, will be to write down her Opinion of such Persons and Things as occur to her in her Reading; to enquire wherein such Actions excel or are defective; to observe how they might have been carried on to a greater Degree of Perfection, and how they exceeded and fell short of others. By thus digesting what she Reads, she will insensibly arrive at proper Notions of Virtue, Honour and Justice.

It will likewise be of very great Service towards the ripening a young Lady's Judgment to read the Morals and Reasonings of the ancient Philosophers, who labour'd in the Improvement
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of human Nature, and devoted themselves to the Study of Wisdom. They (when in the highest State of human Knowledge, after informing themselves of the Nature of Man, the Ends of his Creation, and the State of his Condition, the use of his intellectual Powers, the Immortality of the Soul, its Relation to the Deity, and the Agreeableness of Virtue to the Divine Nature) give us a beautiful Prospect of the Dignity of Reason, and warmly recommend the Advantages of Temperance, good Nature, Clemency, Generosity, Fortitude of Mind, and many other heroic Excellences. They likewise shew us in the clearest Light, all the Deformities of Vice, the Uncertainty of Happiness here, the Emptiness of Riches, the Vanity of this World, and the Folly of putting any Confidence in it. They tell us that the Termination of this Life is an ordinary Occurrence of it; and represent Death as a Relief from a various Being, ever subject to Sorrows and Vexations, Difficulties and Disappointments, and as an Entrance into a better World. Thus it was really intended for us by the Author of Nature. Poor were the Expectations of the Studious, the Brave, the Modest, and the Good, if the Rewards of their Labours and Virtues were to be determin'd by this Life!

From these and such like Sentiments, Judgments, Reasonings, and Maxims, should be collected all the Lessons of Instruction for youthful Minds, no less of one Sex than of the other. Such Reading will be most Entertaining, most Useful, and most Instructive, in regard to Reflection, and the embellishing the Soul with Purity and the Love of Virtue. It directs us how to live as closely up to the Dignity of our Nature,

as

as our imperfect State will admit us, and to profess our Gratitude to Heaven for the Talents and other Benefits we enjoy by a regular Improvement of them.

The Works of Doctor * *Waterland* are not inferior to those of any Divine.

If a young Lady be studiously inclin'd, there are many rational Experiments and Operations in natural Philosophy, which are convenient and necessary to be known, and that will abundantly reward the Pains of the Curious with Delight and Advantage. Such as the Writings of Mr. *Boyle*, and others, upon Husbandry, Planting, Gardening, Herbs and Flowers. Farther than this the Female Sex ought seldom to be concern'd; nor is it advisable for them to venture.

If you would reason well (says Mr. *Locke*) read *Chillingworth*; if you would speak well, be conversant in *Tully*.

The *Spectators* and *Guardians* are Ornaments to a Lady's Closet. *Telemachus*, the Travels of *Cyrus*, and the Arch-Bishop of *Cambray's* Fables, are writ in an easy, correct Stile, and convey Pleasure with Instruction. The *Belles-Lettres* and *Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds*, *Boileau*, *Pascal*, and *Voiture's Letters*, are Books of sublime Entertainment,

* Late Vicar of *Twickenham*. who died about the beginning of last *January*. The Character that is justly given to this great Man in a Sermon sacred to his Memory is this. No Body was more capable of shining as an original Writer, and striking out new and unbeaten Tracks of Thought. His Works, particularly those upon Divinity, into which he has digested the Learning of all preceding Ages, will stand the Examination of all succeeding ones. He had Mr. *Locke's* Clearness of Reasoning, as well as the extensive Reasoning of Bishop *Stillingfleet*. In his Learned Writings he asserted nothing but what he firmly believ'd, and in his plain, familiar Discourses, taught nothing but what he practis'd.

tainment, and may be read with Safety. To the Counsels and Reproaches of Learned Authors we listen without Resentment: By their Descriptions, Allusions, and Influences, we discover all our Foibles. Books speak with more Privilege, explain with more Freedom, and influence with more Persuasion, than Men can personally do. Great is the choice of well-written *Treatises* which afford Variety of Amusement and Improvement: But, would a young Lady see what is the Consequence of a base Action; what Remorse and Inquietudes attend the Commission of Vice; what Comforts and Pleasures spring from a Course of Virtue — would she look into the Vicissitudes of Fortune; would she learn the Transience of all worldly Things, and how liable to Change the most exalted Station is — History informs her without Disguise. In History we view Battles and Sieges without Danger; Tempests, Shipwrecks and Earthquakes, without Terror; the Customs and Manners of all Nations without Expence or Cost. In History we find the Rise and Progress of all human Authority; the Flourishing and Decays of all Kings and Kingdoms. Hence we may collect how highly useful it is to be conversant * in History, and how greatly it contributes to the Elegance of Conversation.

A genteel, speculative Knowledge of Geography, Cosmography and Chronology, is necessary to prepare one for receiving the Pleasures and Advantages of this Study. *Bayle's Dictionary* will be a great Help to a Person deficient in these. Another Advantage that arises from good Reading,

* Among the Ancients, *Pliny, Plutarch, Thucydides*: Among the Moderns, *Clarendon, Burnet, Kennett, Rapin, and Rollin* are worthy of Reputation.

Reading, is that of corresponding well and correctly. Writing of Letters has so much to do in all the Occurrences of human Life, that whatever Person is not qualified to write a Letter (at least in a tolerable narrative Style) must be sensible of many and great Inconveniences, and is thought of by all others with Pity or Contempt. The transient Faults of Discourfing dye for the most Part with the Sound that gives them Life, and may with greater Ease escape Observation; but Letters are subject to a strict Review, and lay those that wrote them open to a severe Examination of their Breeding, Sense, and Abilities; so that, where the Methods of Education are directed to the right Purposes, this is too necessary a Part of it to lie neglected. Strains of Wit or Compliment are Incumbrances to a Letter. It is far more genteel to express one's self either in Writing or Speaking with Ease and Plainness than with Formality or Labour. Incoherence, Confusion, Roughness, or Affectation, in a Letter, always puzzles or disgusts the Reader; but an easy manner of communicating our Thoughts, gains a favourable Attention to what we have to offer.

I am persuaded nothing so much clears the Judgment either of Man or Woman, helps them so much on in Literature, and makes them improve with so much Ease as a good Method in all the Application of their Thoughts. As in History, the Order of Time should govern; so in the Mind, every Progression of Knowledge ought to go from what it stands possess'd of to that which lies next, and is most coherent to it; and so on to what it aims at by well order'd Degrees, and by well proportion'd Enquiries.

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Here I am naturally led to introduce another great Benefit which is the Result and Offspring of good Reading; and that is *Contemplation*. As the Faculty of *Speaking* or *Corresponding* fits us for the Society of others; so does that of *Thinking* qualify us for our own. Though that of Talking is seldom wanting among us; yet the latter excellent Talent too often lies neglected, even among those who are capable of thinking to purpose. Though human Actions are call'd Moral, because they result from the Determination of the Will, yet it is through want of Attention that rational Creatures err. Of all the various Methods of Improvement, none is so Advantageous as *Thinking*, both in respect to our Intellects and Morals. The Perfection of our Nature is to know, that is, to frame clear and distinct Ideas, to form true Judgments, and to deduce proper Consequences. The Habitues and Relations of Conceptions one to another, by frequent comparing, become more visible; and by habitual Thinking, the Object is made more familiar to the Understanding. To this purpose *Reading* is useful, but *Thinking* is necessary. The former without the latter will never form sedate Notions of Things; but whoever compares, considers, and judges, is only determin'd by the Dictates of Truth. *Thinking* likewise greatly improves our Morals, and serves to make us better as well as wiser. The best Method to shake off ill Habits, is to collect from *Thinking* a Conviction of their Mischief and Folly. Now, since the Understanding has so great an Influence on the Will, there are but two Things necessary to preserve us in our Duty; first, an habitual Knowledge of what we ought to do, and what we ought

to shun; and, secondly, a sedate Conformity of our Actions to that Knowledge.

Such are the Thoughts that have offer'd themselves to me upon this Subject; all which are humbly submitted to the Approbation of the Fair,

By their most Obedient Servant,

The Author.





A N
E S S A Y
O N
P O E T R Y,

Collected from the Criticisms of the
most eminent Writers, both An-
tient and Modern.

TH E Excellence of Poetry lies in borrow-
ing its Harmony from Music, its Passi-
ons from Painting, and its Force and Justness
from Philosophy.

Its Beauties do not lie in the Jingle of final
Syllables of the same Sound; but in Justness of
Description, in the Connexion of the Sense,
and in Propriety and Greatness of natural and sub-
lime Thoughts, stript of all Superfluities and
Foreign Matter.

Poetry warms the Imagination; inspires us with an Elevation of Thought and Purity of Stile; it directs us to an elegant Choice of Words, and a regular Disposal of them. Here I do not mean an artificial Compofure of Words, but an innate Persuafiveness contain'd in them. Poetry, fays *Ennius*, is not only embellish'd with a Sketch of every liberal Science; but is a beautiful Composition of them all. The pleasing Familiarity to be observ'd in Poetry adds Life and Grace to fuch Precepts as before were rude and dry.

It is a Matter of juft Surprize, that many Perfons of Taffe and Learning are led away by Thoughtlefs Prejudices to fo wild and rafh an Opinion, as to imagine Poetry to be a dangerous Study, and not fit to treat of any thing Serious or Sublime. Such People examine not the Beauties of Poetry; they do not perceive the Variety of Mufical Sounds, the pathetic Allufions, the lively Descriptions, the diffufive Elegance and delicate Contexture of Stile that Poetry cannot fubfift without.

It is allow'd, that many Poets fince the *Pagans* have deform'd the native Beauties of Verfe, and in a great Measure defil'd the Honours of Poetry, by introducing Lewdnefs and Obscenity into their Works: But this is a Violence impos'd upon the Study. *Milton* obferves, that the Converfation of Angels was breath'd into the Minds of our firft Parents, with the concurring Sounds of Melody and Devotion. In the Infancy of Heathenifm (if we may credit *Hefiod* and *Orpheus*) the Mufes were all devoted to Moral Writings. In fhort, Poetry is fo far from having a native Unworthinefs in it, that nothing inferior to Innocence is equal to its Dignity. The true Spirit of Poetry that runs thro' all the
inspir'd

inspir'd Writers, is elegantly observ'd by Mr. *Addison* and Mr. *Dennis*, in their Criticisms. *Longinus* (who was a *Gentile* Critic) paid the same Compliment to *Moses*. *Monsieur Rapin*, the Famous *French* Critic, tells us that the sparkling Images, magnificent Expression, the Grandeur, Nobleness, Majesty and Elevation of Thought, requisite in Poetry, are best borrow'd from the Prophets; and therefore advises every Person to make them his constant Study, who inclines to set up for the Character of a Poet.

There are so many Qualifications, both natural and acquir'd, necessary to the making of a good Poet, that it is in vain to lay down Rules, by the bare following of which, any Person might arrive at that Character. The ill Success of this Undertaking has fully prov'd the Vainness of the Attempt: Yet without the Observation of certain Rules, Verses can never be smooth and flowing—they never can create a Melody in the Ear.

As Time in Music produces true Harmony, so the Beauty and Sweetness of Poetry depend upon a due Observation of the Accent and Pause. " The Accent, says Mr. *Byshe*, is a raising or
" falling of the Voice on a certain Syllable in a
" Word; and the Pause is a Stop in pronoun-
" cing the Verse that divides the Line into two
" Half Verses. But this Division is not always
" equal; which proceeds from the Seat of the
" Accent that prevails most in the first half
" Verse; and the Pause is always determin'd by
" the Seat of the Accent. Now the Accent
" that determines the Pause must, in Lines of
" eight or ten Syllables, be on the Second,
" Fourth or Sixth Syllable; and the Pause must
" be

“ be observ’d at the end of the Word where such
 “ Accent happens to be, or at the End of the
 “ following Word.”

Critics say it degrades the Excellency of the best Versification, when many Lines together run by Couplets in the same Paces, and with the same Pauses. It not only spoils the Grandeur of the Sound, but tires the Reader with tedious Uniformity, lulls him to Sleep with the unmanly Softness of the Numbers, and the constant Chime of even Cadences.

Long Periods, long Parentheses, the Oddness of an antique Sound, Outlandish Words, Roughness and Obscurity (so justly ridicul’d by *Martial*) can never add to the true Grandeur of a Poem, though all may be found in *Milton*.

In Blank Verse, the Measure must be exactly kept without Rhyme, and the same Variety of Cadence, Comma and Period, which Blank Verse glories in as its peculiar Elegance and Ornament, should likewise be preserv’d in Rhymes of heroic Measure.

There are other Rules to be observ’d in Poetry, which I shall just hint and introduce in their Order, as they occur to my Memory, and that bear an Analogy to what several eminent Authors have wrote upon the same Subject.

The following Rules are necessary in all sorts of Poetry.

As Rhyme is the Uniformity of Sound in the Termination of two Words, the Letters are not to be regarded, but the Sound only.

Verses Accented on the last Syllable but one (which are call’d double Rhymes) require one Syllable more than single Rhymes, which are always Accented on the last Syllable.

Treble-

Treble-Rhymes, that is, Words Accented on the last Syllable but two, are graceful in Lyrics; to which, as well as Burlesque, they properly belong: But in Verses of eight or ten Syllables they are by no means allowable.

As there is no Harmony in one single Note, the Consonants preceding the Vowels where the Rhyme begins must be different in Sound, and not the same; for Words of the same Sound can never Rhyme to themselves, though they differ in Writing and Sense: Nor can a Compound Rhyme to its Simple. Here the *French* and *Italian* greatly transgress.

Never place a Word in the middle of a Line that Rhymes to the last Word of it.

Use not many Words in a Line that begin with the same Letter.

A Line intirely compos'd of Monosyllables never sounds smooth and flowing; and is very seldom allowable.

The frequent use of Words of many Syllables must likewise be carefully avoided.

Never end a Line with an Adjective whose Substantive begins the next; nor with a Preposition, when the Case it governs begins the following Line.

The Preterperfect-Tenses of almost all Verbs ought to be contracted; as also ought the second Person of the present Tense, as, *thou lov'st* for *thou lovest*.

As the Structure of our Verse consists of a certain Number of Syllables, nothing can be of greater use than Elisions or Cutting off one or more Letters from a Word; whereby two Syllables are contracted into one, or the taking away an intire Syllable, according as the Measure of the Verse requires. *Temp'rance* for
Tem;

Temperance; 'tween for *between*; 'cause for *because*, &c. When the Liquid R or L (for it does not so well with M or N) comes between two Vowels, in a Word of more than two Syllables, that is accented on the last Syllable but two, it is proper to cut off the Vowel preceding such Liquids. As, *Am'rous*; *Diff'rence*; *Int'rest*; *Vict'ry*, &c.

In Words also of three Syllables Accented on the first where the Letter S or C sounding like S happens to come between two Vowels, an Elision is allowable to one of the Vowels; as here, *Bus'ness*; *Pris'ner*; *Med'cine*. V consonant has sometimes the same Benefit; as, *Cov'nant*.

No Vowel must be cut off before another when it cannot be sunk in the Pronunciation of it.

The Word *The* does not admit of an Elision before a Word beginning with an H Aspirate, unless such Aspirate be follow'd by another E. Thus — *Th' Hesperian*.

The Particle *it* admits of an Elision before *is*, *was*, *were*, *will* and *would*; and when plac'd after a Word that ends in a Vowel; as *by't* for *by it*.

The Particle *it* admits of an Elision after any Word that ends in a Vowel; as, *he's*; or, after any Word that ends in one of the Consonants after which the Letter S may be sounded, as, *th'air's* *ren'ny*, *i'ev'ry*; *we're*, *they're*; *I'll*, *I'd*, *you'd*, *he'd*; *I've*, *we've*, *you've*, *they've* and *I'm*, are proper Elisions.

The Word *not* loses its two first Letters after the Word *can*.

The Word *Us*, loses its U after *let*; as, *let's*.

The Word *taken* is often wrote thus, *ta'en*.

Heav'n,

Heav'n, giv'n, Pow'r, ne'er, o'er, 'tween, 'mongst, 'bove, 'gainst, 'fore and 'cause, are often allow'd as good Elisions.

The Particles *in, of, and on*, sometimes lose their Consonants, and are join'd to the Particle *the, i'th, o'th*.

When one Syllable of a Word ends in a Vowel, and the next begins with one, in Case the Word be not Accented on the first of those Syllables, those two Syllables ought in Verse to be contracted into one: But a Concourse of Vowels, or one Vowel following another immediately is to be avoided as much as possible.

When the Terminations *asm, ism* and *osm* are introduc'd, if we dare intrude so much upon Measure as to read them like two Syllables, the Harmony of the Verse will be more easy and flowing.

When the Diphthongs *eau* and *eou* (as in the Word *Beauteous*;) *iou* (as in *Glorious*) or *uai* (as in *acquaint*) are introduc'd into Poetry, each Diphthong must be sounded jointly in one Syllable.

Many more are the particular Rules to be observ'd by Poets, as every Author's Experience may inform him; but those which I have inserted being the most obvious and necessary, I now proceed to introduce the Opinions of celebrated Poets on the different sorts of Verse.

Every Tongue has its peculiar Beauties; and what is poetical and agreeable in one, is often harsh in another, and inconsistent with it: But no Tongue is more capable of poetical Beauties than the *English*.

The several sorts of Poetry in most Esteem with us are *Anacreontics, Lyrics, Pindarics, Heroics*, and Verses of eight Syllables. "Anagrams and Acrostics, says Mr. Dennis, are

“ quite out of Fashion; and, wherever they are
 “ introduc’d, it is more for Variety than any
 “ Thing else. ”

In any of these Sorts of Poetry alternate Rhymes, are allowable. Rhymes are so call’d, when the first Verse chimes to the third, and the second to the fourth, or when the first chimes to the fourth, and the second to the third.

Anacreontics are Verses of seven Syllables; and they are most beautiful when the Accent is on the third, and the Pause there, or at the fourth Syllable.

Lyrics are Odes compos’d of any Number of Stanza’s, each of which contains a certain Number of Verses consisting for the most part of a different Number of Syllables.

Pindaric Poetry is nervous and sublime, but is allow’d greater Liberties than any other. The Stanza’s are not confin’d to any Number of Verses, neither are the Verses to a certain Number of Syllables, nor the Rhymes to a certain Distance. Sometimes the Rhymes follow one another for several Couplets together, and sometimes they are remov’d several Verses from each other; and all this in the same Stanza. This sort of Poetry is employ’d on all manner of Subjects.

Heroics are Verses consisting of ten Syllables, and are used on all Subjects; either Pleasant, Satirical, Grave, Tragical, Mournful, Amorous, Sublime, Pastoral, Philosophical, Moral or Divine.

An *Epic* Poem is the Recital of a great and noble Action, propos’d for Imitation; and is generally wrote in Heroic Measure.

In the Structure of Verses of eight Syllables, the same Rules, with respect to the most prevailing Accents, must be observ’d as in Heroics.

Such

Such Verses as are wholly compos'd of Nine or Eleven Syllables, and are Accented on the last Syllables, are by the Disagreeableness of their Measure excluded from all but the lowest sort of Burlesque. Songs are here excepted. Satires and Burlesques are sometimes wrote in Verses of Twelve Syllables. A Line here and there of such Measure are often an Ornament to Heroics; as when they conclude an Episode or Triplet. Triplets ought never to be us'd but when the Sense is clos'd; and even then very seldom.

When in Couplets a Line of twelve Syllables is brought in, the Sense must always conclude with it; and a Line of fourteen Syllables must always follow a Line of twelve, and conclude a Triplet and the Sense together.

There are several sorts of Poetry, to each of which certain Talents are peculiarly adapted; such are Songs, Odes, Satires, Drolls, Pastorals, Burlesques, Hudibrastics, Heroics, &c.

Songs, though they may seem most easy, require as nice a Touch of Poetry as any other Part of it, and as exact a Propriety of Thoughts and Words. The Fancy must be sublime, and the Expression easy; the Descriptions natural; the Allusions chaste, lively, free, and correct.

Of Odes, though they must be wrote with Warmth, and a poetic Fire, the Expression must run smooth, soft and flowing.

In Satire, though the Thoughts be sharp, the Words must still be smooth and easy; for otherwise it would be a Scolding. Prejudice or Rage, if discover'd, destroys a Satire.

" Truth may be spoken pleasantly severe. "

Though no Thought can be properly said to be fine, unless it be true; yet a Satire may be fine, and true Satire, and carry no more with it

than Probability, or a Semblance of Truth. Thus were the well-invented Fables of the Antients design'd only to inculcate the Truth with more Delight.

In Plays, the Unity of Action, Time and Place, must be nicely consider'd. In Tragedy, when the time of Action exceeds one Day, the Liberty taken is sometimes to be excus'd, but never to be imitated. No more than three Persons should be in a Discourse at once. Soliloquies must be few and short, and spoken either in Passion, or through Contempt of Danger. Every moving Scene must be a kind of Plot by itself. There must be a Diversity of Characters; and no single one must be expos'd: The Follies must be describ'd in a more general Way. The Meaning must be made familiar to the Actor. A perfect Character must never be introduc'd; for it must always have some Faults to bring on Misfortunes, but such as may well deserve Compassion.

Elegies should be writ with a sweet and solemn Air; and, though they must begin with the sublime, yet the Thoughts by unperceiv'd Degrees must swell and rise progressively still higher and higher, till the Reader is agreeably deluded into a Field of Raptures, and sinks beneath a Generous Concern.

Of all kinds of Poetry none more delights the Soul than Pastoral; nor is there any so much indebted to the Fancy. In a Poem of this sort, all the sweets of a Country Life must lye spread before the Mind. The Passion of Love must be express'd with a Natural Warmth, and an Air of Innocence, in a plain and seeming uncultivated Language. The Choice of Names, and Simplicity of Style must be peculiar to the Country.

Such

Such Habits and Customs must likewise be introduc'd as are most familiar and universally known. The Sentiments and Passions of the Nymphs and Swains must be wrapt up in Softness and Tenderness of Expression; their Designs must all be easy, their Faults few, and their Misfortunes trifling. Some Religion mixt with a rustical Superstition is an essential Part of a Shepherd's Character. As the Growth of the Country furnishes our Fancy with the most lovely Images of Nature, a Pastoral Writer is to form in his Fancy a rural Scene of Ease, Tranquillity, Innocence, and Simplicity of Speech and Manners; for the Design of this Poetry is, by pleasing Delusions to sooth and delight the Imagination of the Reader, so as to induce him to fancy he himself partakes of the Pleasure. From *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, we may learn that in their Days the Pastoral Life was a State of Concord, Ease, Plenty, Innocence and Content; and that all their little petty Quarrels arose from their Rivalships in Love. A Description of Pastoral Presents, and a Repetition of natural Epithets, add great Beauty to this kind of Poetry. The Language may be set off with Wit and proverbial Sayings rais'd above the Vulgar Stile, but without Difficulty or Affectation; nor must this Wit be any way refin'd or embellish'd with Art.

Hence we may judge how dangerous an Undertaking it is to engage in any kind of Poetry. The Transgression of one positive Rule, or Omission of one necessary Elegance, brings the Dignity of the whole Work into Question, and exposes the Author to the Contempt of Critics.

It is requir'd that a Poet should have a natural Genius and Judgment, improv'd by good Reading; and his Mind must likewise be generous
and

and aspiring. Verses smooth and flowing may be Mechanically compos'd by others; but then, the Energy of Sense, the Propriety and Elevation of Thought, the fluent Turn of Verse, the Poetical Allusions, Similies, Descriptions, and Characters of Persons and Things; the Purity of Language, the Aptness of Expression; and, above all, the Beauties of Colouring, will be wanting.



T H E



T H E
C H A S E,
A
* P O E M.

Rura mihi placent, & juvat ire venatum.



OW far superior are the Rural Sports,
To Ease inglorious and th' Intrigues of Courts!
From those springs up an Indolence supine;
From them arises all that's Masculine.
When verdant Glades afford a lively View,
And the gay Lawns are spangled o'er with Dew;
Soon as *Apollo* gilds the azure Morn,
And does the Day with Crimson Smiles adorn;
Here active Sportsmen oft surround the Wood,
With tuneful Horn and Beagles stanch and good;
Here storm the Thickets, and the craggy Rocks,

And

* This is a Fragment of a Poem, taken from the third Volume of this Author's poetical Manuscripts.

And soon unkennel here the wily Fox.
The prouling Cub starts furious from his Den,
And scorns the Cries of Dogs, or Shouts of Men.

Soon as the rustling of the Shrubs he hears,
And quick advancing Steps, he pricks his Ears;
Consults his Feet, and starting, gazes round,
And turns his Head to each approaching Sound.
The hungry Dogs are fir'd — they snuff and vent,
And trace his Footsteps, eager of the Scent.
With what instinctive Joy they hail the Morn,
And with what Music they obey the Horn!
Thus rous'd, away the wakeful Savage bounds,
Until his Ears have lost the wounding Sounds.
Exulting then, he takes the distant Moor,
And in his Cunning thinks himself secure.
A Froth besmears his grinning Chops all round,
And, as he runs along, befoams the Ground.
Each well-breath'd Dog, the length'ning Chase pursues,
And snuffs the Vapour from the tainted Dews,
The Spiry Horn calls to the crook-kneed Pack,
Unrav'ling by Degrees his faithless Track;
Till in united Cry they shoot away,
And in full Stretch bear on the bounding Prey.
With prick'd-up Ears the Coursers then renew
Instinctive Courage, and the Chase pursue:
Their turgid Nerves they swell — they snort and blow,
And whit'ning Foam around the Verdure throw.
The Woods and Valleys and the concave Sky —
Both Earth and Air are fill'd with Harmony.

When once poor *Reynard* sees himself inclos'd,
By Horses, Men and greedy Dogs oppos'd:
When thus he finds his Dangers all renew'd,
By Friends forsaken, and by Foes pursu'd;
Strait to the Stream, when neither Speed nor Force,
Nor all his Craft avail, he bends his Course.
Ev'n there the Dogs pursue him through the Flood,
And nought will quench their Thirst, but *Reynard's* Blood;
Who, like a Felon, conscious of his Guilt,
Is made to bleed where he much Blood had spilt.
The foremost Rider triumphs in the Prize,
And strikes with joyful Shouts the vaulted Skies.
From every Wound springs forth a purple Flood,
Spouts in his Face, and stains his Hands with Blood.
Then the tir'd Coursers all abate their Speed,
And by the deep-tun'd Horn his Death's decreed.

[57]



Three POETIC
LANDSCAPES
IN
HEROIC MEASURE.



H

ADVERTISEMENT to the
Reader.

SINCE I came to London, I was told by a Gentleman of Learning, to whom I shew'd the following Poems, that, as they represented three Landscapes in Ireland (Places known to very few among the Learned here) it might lessen the Credit of my Verse with the Criticks to publish them in this Way. A few Weeks since, when I had the Pleasure of paying him another Visit, he was of a quite different Opinion; and advis'd me (since it is not convenient for me to Print this Winter a Volume of Poems which I have almost prepar'd for the Press, and most of which he has also revis'd) to annex them to the preceding Essays, in hopes of introducing my other Poems to a favourable Reception with the Publick. My Success in this is very precarious, nor do I lay my Dependence on it: But that the following Poems (and many * others of my Writing) have been favour'd with the Approbation of the Revd. Dean Swift, is a certain Truth.

I am your most Humble Servant,
The Author.

* Particularly *The Humours of the Black Dog*, Printed in Dublin 1737. of which I sold 17,000 Copies in two Months. The Tenth Edition of which will speedily be publish'd.



KILLIKEEN,

A

POEM.

Inscrib'd to

Colonel JOHN STERLING, late Govern-
nour of *Rosse-Castle*, in *Ireland*.

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet. HOR.*

PRÆLUDIUM.

*O Felix animi, qui non ratione relicta,
Traducens faciles, sed non inglorius, annos,
Cedit a tumultu; mollis cui tempora Vitæ
Labuntur variis aulæ inconcussa procellis!
Circumsusa quies & pax, incognita magnis,
Hic placide regnant; & verum simplici cultu,
Propositique tenax Virtus & pectus honestum.*

E Misc. Poet. J. DRYDEN, Vol. 2.



TILL unobserv'd *Italian* Floods had stray'd
In Silence lost with each inglorious Shade;
Had not the Breasts of Poets been inspir'd
To make those rural Scenes in Verse admir'd.
Hibernia's fertile Plains, crystalline Floods,
Embroider'd Meads and Aromatic Woods,

No less invite to Verse the tuneful Throng ;

No less deserve the Muses sacred Song.

Of all the Virgins of the Solemn Hill,

Calliope the first exerts her Skill.

She strikes her copious Shell, extends her Voice,

And in *Hibernia's* Praise bids Harmony rejoice.

Hergne rolls his Flood thro' *Ulster's* flow'ry Plains,

And half the Province of her Moisture dreins.

Large Rivers, which in wild Meanders twine,

Hither, as to the Sea, their Course incline.

The Fountain Nymphs from the adjacent Hills,

Like liquid Pearls pour out their lucid Rills;

Which steal in broken Murmurs down the Steep,

And seek insensibly the swelling Deep.

Wide rolls the Stream — extensives is his Course ;

Unsearchable his Depth, and great his Force.

His Arms * three hundred Isles encompass round,

Whose gently-rising Sides with Woods are crown'd.

Of those the first let † *Killikeen* be plac'd,

With all the Beauties of Retirement grac'd ;

Which sweetly situated, gay Retreat,

(Contriv'd by Nature for the Muse's Seat)

Into this spacious Lough projecting lies,

And all Access from Land but one denies.

The Sylvan Gods her warbling Confines grace,

And ** *Cyprus* shows but in the second Place.

Her Glebe, by *Ceres* blest, rich Harvests yields,

And various Beauties cloth the motly Fields.

Benignant Herbs here each Inclosure brings,

And in no Spot a Plant of Poison springs ;

But such, whose healing Sweets enrich the Soil,

And with its Juice rewards the Chymist's Toil.

The painted Wilds delicious Fragrance bring,

And blossom'd Beans perfume the *Zephyr's* Wing.

Retiring here from her Romantic Seats,

The Queen of Love with all her Train retreats.

Here friendly Solitude securely reigns,

Remote from Envy and ambitious Scenes.

Here

* It is said that in this Lough there are 365 Islands and *Peninsula's*. I know several of them to be under Stock and Tillage, and to be Inhabited ; but I have not seen their Number mention'd in any Geographic Description of *Ireland*.

† A *Peninsula*, 3 Miles S. W. of *Cawen*.

** An Island in the *Carpathian* Sea between *Syria* and *Cilicia* : So Fruitful, that it was called the happy Isle.

Here * *Amalthea* holds her golden Horn;
 Content and Pleasure all her Gifts adorn.
 Here Peace and Liberty united smile,
 Reward the Husbandman, and crown his Toil.
 Here artless Nature courts the ravish'd Eyes:
 All round in beautiful Disorder rise.
 The Neighb'ring Isles, at easy Distance plac'd,
 With chequer'd Lawns and waving Forests grac'd;
 Whose tufted Branches, in their Pride array'd,
 Invite the Shepherd to the grateful Shade.
 The Bees, in Arches as the Foliage meets,
 Among the Texture interweave their Sweets.
 As here th' unwearied Eye with Rapture strays,
 And ev'ry blooming Wilderness surveys;
 The leafy Honours of each vaulted Wood,
 The pendent Arbours trembling in the Flood;
 The daisy-painted Fields and rip'ning Grain —
 We dwell indulgent on the lovely Scene.
 The feather'd Warblers through the Coverts Play,
 And make the Place irregularly gay.
 When in the Flush of Morn fresh-breathing Gales
 In wanton Whispers skim along the Vales;
 (Ere *Sol* or *Myra* leave their balmy Bed,
 While pleasing Dreams amuse each Female Head,
 Prefaging Visions o'er their Pillows creep,
 They smile at fancy'd Conquests as they sleep.)
 Convening Sportsmen with the deep-tun'd Horn,
 Alarm their Dogs, and 'wake the drowzy Morn:
 The sprightly Youth their active Sports renew,
 And then the pleasing Sylvan-chase pursue.
 Still at the dewy-cheek'd Approach of Day,
 When op'ning Buds their tender Leaves display;
 Here Nature's variegated rich Attire
 Invites to e'ery soft and gay Desire.
 The wing'd Musicians chirrup thro' each Grove,
 Salute the new-born Day with Songs of Love;
 And change without Design the mellow Notes,
 That sweetly quiver in their lab'ring Throats.
 In those fair Lawns and intermingled Groves,
 Where gentle *Zephyrs* breathe, and sporting Loves;
 From spangled Pastures, and from shelving Rocks,
 The Shepherd safely views his woolly Flocks.

The

* *Jupiter's* Nurse. She fed him out of an Horn, with Goats-milk and Honey. When *Jupiter* came of Age, he continu'd to the Horn this Virtue, that whosoever had it, shou'd have Meat and Drink at his Wishing.

The lowing Herds that brouze through ev'ry Wood,
 The finny Regions basking in the Flood;
 All things that breathe their Faculties employ
 In Songs of Praises and united Joy.
 Th' expanded Vales the Voice of Nature fills,
 And 'wakes the Echo's from the neighb'ring Hills:
 When the bright Planet darts meridian Rays,
 Refreshing Gales the Amber Flood conveys;
 And, when beyond the Golden Verge of Day,
 Mild Evenings their soft, dusky Wings display,
 The silver Dews descend, and gently feed,
 The bladed Verdure, and the thirsty Seed.
 Of feeble Light along extended Blaze,
 Upon the Water's quiv'ring Surface plays:
 To ev'ry blooming Verge the Limpid Stream,
 In lucid Folds reflects the fainting Gleam.
 The Reeds scarce ruffle with the cooling Breeze,
 Much like the humming Sound of distant Bees.
 To bearded Hooks the Trowlers fix their Baits,
 With trembling Line the patient Angler waits;
 The Breame and springing Trout divide the Flood,
 And leap at Death with Greediness of Food.
 Then treach'rous Nets the scaly Pike surround,
 Prince of the finny Troops that here abound.

The Pipes, or more enliv'ning Viol's Strains,
 Invite the Nymphs to dance upon the Plains:
 Who graceful on the level Verdure move,
 In vary'd Measures — Innocence and Love
 Dilate their Spirits; while the cooling Breeze,
 That gently whispers through th' imbow'ring Trees,
 Their flowing Garments swells, fans e'ery Breast,
 And wanton sighs on e'ery rising Chest.
 Exulting Joy with Love in soft Disguise,
 Distends their Hearts, and flashes in their Eyes;
 Promiscuous Chearfulness they all display,
 And quite forget the Labours of the Day,
 Chequer'd with innocent Delights like this,
 Was tuneful *Virgil's* Seat of rural Bliss.

When gentle Night the weary World invades,
 And wraps *Creation* in her Silken Shades;
 When curling Streams reflect in Silver Rows
 The borrow'd Light that *Cynthia* faintly shews;
 Here lull'd to Rest, the virtuous Bosom feels
 In Dreams more Pleasure than the Day reveals:
Elysian Scenes amuse the gladden'd Sight,
 Because all Day the Prospect is — Delight —

O blest Retirement ! where no factious Noise
 The blissful Harmony of Mind destroys ;
 Where Peace and golden Plenty dwell, and where
 Pure Virtue reigns in unpolluted Air !
 Nor griping Penury nor meagre Want,
 Nor Strife attempts this blest Abode to haunt :
 Yet all Excesses and superfluous Toys
 Are hence excluded as inferior Joys.
 Here all Delights in pure Obedience move,
 And sweetly mix with Innocence and Love.
 Ev'n when bleak Winter chills the rolling Year,
 Amidst surrounding Snows, 'tis pleasant here :
 No poison'd Blasts, no Damps infectious rise ;
 No frightful Prospects pierce the wounded Eyes :
 But when the genial Spring renews the Earth,
 And gives to ev'ry Thing that grows new Birth,
 Reviving Nature smiles, and all around
 A rich Enamel over-spreads the Ground.
 The sportive Plains with various Dyes array'd,
 Profuse, in full Luxuriance lye display'd.
 Hither (no more with Thirst of Glory fir'd,
 To rural Scenes from Martial Posts retir'd)
 Thou, happy *Sterling* ! wisely hast remov'd,
 To grow in Sacred Knowledge more improv'd ;
 You hence with calm Delight and Pity view
 The various Cares that busy Men pursue ;
 Where each by diff'rent Ways attempts to gain
 Uncertain Happiness with certain Pain :
 While you serene th' exalted Raptures know,
 That from a Breast inspir'd with Virtue flow.





BALLTHAISE,

A

POEM,

Inscrib'd to

BROCKHILL NEWBURGH *Esq*;

*Metbinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian Garden's noble Shade,
Which by his own Imperial Hands were made.
Metbinks I see him Smile, as he does Talk
With those Ambassadors who came in vain
T'invite him to a Throne again.
If I, my Friends, says he, should to you shew
All the Delights that in this Garden grow,
'Tis likelier much that you would with me stay,
Than 'tis that you shou'd carry me away.
And trust me not, my Friends, if ev'ry Day
I walk not here with more Delight,
Than ever after the most happy Fight,
In Triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the Gods, and to be thought myself almost a God—*
COWLEY.



AD I Meonides his lofty Strain,
And fam'd Theocritus his rural Vein;
Cou'd I like Mantua's laurel'd Poet sing,
Like Thompson paint the Beauties of the Spring;
With Waller's Melody and Granville's Ease,
With Landstown's Sweetness, with a Taste like Gay's;

Or

Or like an *Addison*, with Judgment clear;
 Spread the Luxuriance of the rip'ning Year:
 Cou'd I all their united Thoughts refine
 With *Swift's* Invention and with *Pope's* design;
 Such Harmony should dwell upon my Lays
 As might rear Monuments to *Newburgh's* Praise;
 Whose great Improvements (Scenes of soft Delight!)
 With pleasing wonder fill the Trav'ler's Sight;
 Who with becoming pride and pleasure sees
 The Plants he set grow up in arduous Trees;
 The Quicks, whose very Seed he saw let fall
 Grow up in Fences close as any Wall;
 Who planted ev'ry Tree, did all contrive,
 And Lives to see them in Perfection thrive.

What pow'r of Verse — what Majesty of Strain
 Can to the Eye present the various Scene?
 Begin my Muse, attempt the bold Design,
 And to Description purest Numbers join.

Upon an easy Eminence is plac'd,
 With ev'ry art of Architecture grac'd,
 A spacious Fabric of majestic height,
 That strikes with pleasing Ravishment the Sight.
 The place of Timber, Mason-work supplies;
 And ev'n the Stairs on massy Columns rise.
 To ev'ry Arch the quarry's Strength is join'd;
 With warmer Brick each vaulted Room is lin'd.
 In antique Shapes no foreign Arras hides
 The Concave Ceilings or the pannel'd Sides;
 But richer Stocco, all in Foliage wrought,
 Adorns the hollow of each sumptuous Vault.
 From the State-Stairs two flagg'd Arcades extend;
 A beauteous Turret stands at either End.
 The Mansion-house Magnificent appears;
 Behind, each Office decent Grandeur wears.
 When Winds convulsive all their Force engage,
 And rooted Trees fall down before their Rage;
 When jarring Blasts their dismal Shock prepare,
 And rattling Meteors swell the gloomy Air;
 All Storms the convex Roof defies, nor fears
 The ruinous Decays of endless Years.
 Firm as a *Memphian* * Pyramid it stands,
 The Glory of excelling Artist's Hands.

I

This

* *Memphis* is a City in the Isle *Delos* in *Egypt*, now call'd *Grand Caire*; famous for the *Pyramids* and stately *Sepulchres* of Kings there set up.

This was the pious Builder's great Design
 From Fire and Storms to guard the stately Shrine.
 With envious Pride successive Ages will,
 Wond'ring commend, the great Contriver's Skill.

This new erected, venerable Frame,
 Smiles on a Chrystal, wide-expanding Stream;
 Whose gentle Fall our Ears with noise invades,
 Like Bees disturb'd, in regular Cascades.
 As from the Rocks the foaming Water bounds,
 Each Echo dies in distant less'ning Sounds!
 In frothy Sheets the Current murmurs down,
 Soon dy'd with various Colours, not its own;
 And, as with smooth Majestic ease it glides,
 A stately Bridge bends o'er the rolling Tides.
 To this, just equal to the Front's Extent,
 A shelving Garden hangs with slow Descent.
 A well divided Fishery, that lies
 Close by the Flood, receives its fresh Supplies :
 Within their watry Cells the Fishes play,
 And diff'rent Ponds secure the Scaly prey.
 Three Flights of Steps three Terrasses divide;
 A shaggy Verdure cloaths each sloping Side.
 Close interwoven Twiggs of Laurel green
 Fence up the leafy Walls that grow between.
 Upon each border'd Verge at either Hand
 Square taper Trees of Yew, like Pillars, stand.
 The gilded Marigold, and V'let blue,
 The glowing Pink and Tulip's vary'd hue;
 The spotless Lily, and the blushing Rose,
 And Crimson Clove a rich Perfume disclose;
 The scollop'd Reccla's, dewy Cowslip, Thyme,
 All sorts of vernal Flow'rs in all their Prime,
 Their Odours blend with e'ery balmy Breeze,
 That gently Whisper through the trembling Trees.
 In this three water Spouts at pleasure play
 Fed by a Stream a long, laborious Way,
 Which through a Conduit near a Mile extends,
 And o'er those Cisterns by a Sluice impends.
 In lucid Rills the bubbling Water tow'rs,
 And scatt'ring falls in artificial Show'rs.

An op'ning Vista from the Front extends,
 And on a rising, velvet Green ascends.
 In beauteous Order rang'd stands e'ery Tree
 At Distance planted in a due Degree.

With

With equal Space their branching Arms extend;
 With equal † height their taper Heads ascend.
 The Vale below a mu'm'ring River fills
 That swiftly rolls between the parted Hills.

Upon its Margin in meandrous Rows
 A Forest, as by Nature planted, grows.
 The dimpl'd Stream reflects the waving Trees,
 And curling glides before the swelling Breeze.

On one Side spiry Firrs, in stately Rows,
 A fair * Expanse of Verdure smooth inclose.
 A Prospect hence the curious Scene renews,
 At once with more than thirty diff'rent Views
 Of Floods, and Streams, for several Miles away,
 That thro' the Lawns in sportive windings play.

The pleasing Prospects rise, with new Delight,
 Far as the utmost Measure of the Sight.
 Hills rising over distant Hills appear,
 Whose bluish Tops are lost in Fields of Air;
 Our Eyes, enraptur'd, on all sides survey
 A various Landscape unconfin'd and gay.
 To this a long ascending Vista leads
 In double Rows that parts the shelving Meads;
 Whose bounds are edg'd with interwoven Woods,
 With Fruitful Orchards, and with Amber Floods.
 When all those Trees their blooming Pride display,
Pomona's Arbour never smil'd so gay.

The loaded boughs are beautifully crown'd
 With silver'd Blossoms, bending to the Ground.
 The luscious Nonparel, the Spiry Pear,
 And Velvet Peach, their Vernal promise wear.
 Damsins and downy Plumbs of various Dye,
 With Virgin Blushes, gratify the Eye,
 The juicy Pippin and the sweet Pear-main,
 And oily Philbert grace the chequer'd Scene —
 Like Nectar, here, the Sweets of Plenty flow;
 Here, like *Ambrosia*, Fruits of all kinds grow;
 And for each bloom those Trees in Spring afford,
 In Golden Autumn Fruit will be restor'd.

Behind the Structure, and on th' other Side,
 The Kitchen Gardens lavish all their Pride.
 Successive Seasons here with Hand profuse §
 Give all requir'd for Hospitable Use;

† That is, from the Rocks.

* The *Paddock* in Circumference about a Mile

§ There are Rabbits, Pigeons and other Fowl, and several sorts of Fish, all within the Walls of this Garden.

Transmuted Vegetables, luscious Roots,
 And, for Delight, variety of Fruits.
 With slated Roof and spiry Louvre grac'd,
 Contiguous, here a Pigeon House is plac'd ;
 Where cooing Doves their Silver Wings display,
 Renew their Courtships innocent and gay ;
 Where murm'ring Troops appear but newly sprung,
 And Old-ones Hatch and Feed their unplum'd Young.
 Rabbits below in pretty Fright are seen
 Grazing and skipping on the Wall'd-in Green.
 Here ev'ry Spot abundance does produce
 For Curious Palates or Domestic use.
 Each common Bush is richly drest ; and here
 The Ground is taught no vitious Weed to bear.
 A well-cut Hedge does ev'ry Walk adorn,
 And cluster'd Blossoms smile on ev'ry Thorn.
 In conic Shape tall Elms reveal their Pride,
 And shade the common Road on either Side.
 All Things as regular and gay appear,
 As if God * *Priapus* resided here.
 Off tow'rd's the South, in Form a Circle neat,
 Upon a Neighb'ring Hill is situate
 The Town which Fire and Water both befriend,
 From which delightful Avenues extend.
 The Model's prettily contriv'd, and new ;
 On ev'ry Side th' Ascent is easy too.
 In this a Market House, commodious laid,
 Stands in the Center of a round Arcade.
 Upon the Convex Roof is neatly plac'd
 A Cupalo with three Gilt Dials grac'd.
 Close by, the Temple of Establish'd Pray'r
 Stands decent, always kept in Good Repair.
 Though this compactly built, unfinish'd † Town
 Is not, as yet, inhabited || by one,
 At weekly Markets, and four times a Year,
 At Fairs, great Multitudes assemble here.
 This Project be'ng so suddenly approv'd,
 Confirms the Founder to be well-belov'd ;
 By this the Country's Gratitude is shewn
 To him whom they their Benefactor own.
 Some Miles we're favour'd with a pleasant Road,
 On which a vast Expence has been bestow'd,
 Firm as a Turnpike, as a Vista gay,
 That seems a Level almost all the way.

We've

* The God of the Gardens with the Antient Heathen.

|| In the Year 1739.

† Within 3 Miles of *Cavan*.

We've of the Village three Successive Views;
 And in one Mile the Prospect thrice we lose:
 Strait in a Line each gently rising Height
 Agreeably deceives th' advancing Sight.
 From ev'ry bleak unfriendly Wild remov'd,
 With all the Elegance of Art improv'd:
 Such vast Variety the Prospect fills
 With Walks and Vista's and imbower'd Hills,
 Upon the lovely Scene my Fancy's lost,
 And scarce I know what to distinguish most.
 Each Lawn in all its vernal Glory yields
 A balmy Fragrance as *Arabia's* Fields.
 A sweet Enamel ev'ry Plain o'erspreads,
 The grateful Tribute of adjacent Meads.
 Thousands of Graces bliss the Flow'ry Ground,
 And throw promiscuous Beauties all around.
 Tall Spreading Trees, with Painted Boughs array'd,
 Entwining, crown each Eminence with Shade.
 With Glossy Plumes and Scarlet-cirled Eyes,
 The whirring Pheasants 'midst the Thickets rise:
 With deep-tun'd Notes the echoing Forest rings,
 Brusht with the rustling of their gaudy Wings.
 The Feather'd Songsters, through the Vocal Groves,
 Melodiously renew their Yearly Loves.
 Full in the Breeze the tuneful Discord swells,
 And on th' inraptur'd Ear harmonious dwells.
 So soft the Music, and so grand the Sight,
 Both Eyes and Ears are ravisht with Delight:
 While Citizens in Hurry and Debate
 Consume their Hours, or in Affairs of State;
 While Absentees their Fortunes spend abroad,
 And their Screw'd Tenants of their Rights defraud;
 Thy Bosom, happy *Newburgh*, here disdains
 Of Court the Pomp, of Purpled Slaves the Chains.
 Thy well-discerning Mind has wisely chose,
 Instead of high Employments, soft Repose;
 Where, free from Tumults and internal Stings,
 You serve your Country in Domestic Things;
 Where in the flow'ry Walk or sacred Shade
 Nor Cares, nor Fears thy Soul serene invade;
 Where all thy Steps a Conscience clear attends,
 Soothes ev'ry Thought, from e'ery Ill defends;
 Bids all Anxieties of Mind to cease,
 And whispers to thy Breast — Eternal Peace —
 Where you from Wisdom's Stores extract the Balm
 That keeps your just untroubl'd Spirits calm,

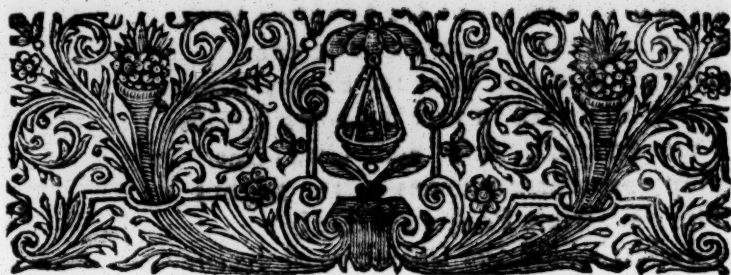
While

While thus directed by Supernal Grace,
 You tread the prone Descent of Years in Peace,
 Behold yourself by all around you lov'd,
 By Earth applauded, and by Heav'n approv'd.

All thy Descendants pensive were of late,
 Revolving in their Thoughts thy doubtful Fate ;
 And often did to Heav'n their Pray'rs address,
 To spare that Life which does so many bless,
 Thy Health and their Support restor'd again,
 With Joy they see, and now no more complain.

If Candor and Sincerity of Mind,
 With strictest Piety and Truth refin'd ;
 With Friendship, Justice and Benevolence,
 Extensive Knowledge, and the soundest Sense ;
 With Love of Industry and Morals pure,
 With Sympathetic Kindness for the Poor ;
 With all the Virtues that the Gods approve,
 Can claim Esteem and universal Love ;
 Can crown old Age with Honours all mature,
 Can present Peace and future Bliss secure ;
 Just is thy Challenge to a worthy Name,
 And to eternal Rest as just thy Claim.





BELLVILLE,
A
POEM.

Inscrib'd to
THOMAS FLEMING, *Esq;*

*Oh ! That kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
All my Ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine.*

ROSC. PAST. FIDO.

ON rising Ground, * within a Valley plac'd,
With chequer'd Hills at easy distance grac'd,
A Structure stands; built uniform and neat—
With all the beauties of a Country Seat.
Four equal Sides the shingled Roof sustain,
Which, like a concave Rock excludes the Rain;
With Pain protected from inclement Air,
And 'gainst the roughest Seasons of the Year.

By

* About 4 *English* Miles S. S. W. of *Cavan*.

By just Degrees the spiry Square ascends,
 And, like a Pyramid, it's summit ends.
 Full on the Front the beamy God displays
 The chearful warmth of his Meridian Rays.
 Soft rising Breezes, gentle and serene,
 Salute each Window from the Sylvan Scene:
 The well til'd Hall in vary'd Angles spreads
 And to a Stocho'd, lofty Stair-Case leads.
 A sumptuous Parlour opens to the Right;
 And shews a triple Prospect of Delight.
 The Builder's Skill the Chambers all declare;
 And do, though plain, a decent Grandeur wear.

This Fabrick does agreeably present
 From ev'ry Side, an easy, slow Descent;
 But from the Front an unforc'd Level spreads,
 Where various Beauties creep along the Beds.
 A spacious Terrass lies before the Door,
 Cemented well and smooth as any Floor.
 Upon the Borders of a velvet Plain
 Both Sides, where various other Beauties reign,
 With taper Trees of Box and Yew are grac'd
 Of equal Size, at equal Distance plac'd.
 To this an Avenue, serpentine, leads,
 Adorn'd with Trees above the shelving Meads.
 Just at the Enterance of which there stands
 A spacious Gate-way built by curious Hands.
 Within two fair Parterres appear to view
 All sorts of Flow'rs of lovely Form and Hue.
 The painted Tulip, Lily, fragrant Rose,
 A blooming Wilderness of Sweets compose.
 The pale Narcissus, and the bright Jonquil,
 With rich Perfumes th' enamel'd Carpet fill.
 On th' Eastern Side delightful Plots appear
 Diagonally form'd — tall Hedges rear
 Their waving Heads in various Figures round.
 The Ear's diverted with the murm'ring Sound
 Of Waters falling from a small Cascade,
 Down to a Bason in the Garden laid.

Before the Front, upon a gentle Height,
 A strong Enclosure stops the wand'ring Sight;
 In former Times a *Danish* Fort—but now
 A Circle where all kinds of Fruit-Trees grow;
 Fair to the Eye, delicious to the Taste,
 With pleasant Walks, and neat Divisions grac'd.

From this a grand extended Terrass leads,
 Along the Hill adorn'd with graceful Shades;

To the End of which another *Danish* Fort
 Does most agreeably our Footsteps court.
 Off to the left before our straying Eyes,
 A fine Decoy within a Deer-Park lies.
 With tuneful Notes the Thrushes charm the Woods,
 While various Wild-Fowl sport about the Floods.
 In safe retreat they on the Surface play,
 Till from the Fowler's view they wing their way.
 Then clam'rous Plover, Teal and Wild-Ducks rise,
 And cackling Flocks, like Clouds, obscure the Skies.
 The airy Circles all commence their Flight,
 Float on the Winds, and overcome the Fright;
 Nor leave their helpless and unfeather'd Care,
 But flutt'ring round them hover in the Air.

The western Side is sweetly compact in,
 With shaggy Skirts of an embroider'd Green.
 A curious Terrass pleasant Plots divides,
 And just Diagonals adorn the Sides.
 When on this Terrass we our Steps advance,
 Our Wonder gay Varieties enhance;
 Tall, antient Trees an ample Shade display,
 Expel the Sun, and form a doubtful Day.
 Between two Walls we gradually descend,
 And o'er a wide Canal our Sight extend.
 All on a sudden in a sweet Surprise,
 A tranverse Terrass courts our ravisht Eyes.
 Thrice fifty Yards in length—from End to End,
 Two stately Walls the finest Fruits defend.
 From this with easy Steps our Feet explore,
 A velvet Slope of fifty Foot or more;
 Which to th' imprison'd Water's Margin leads,
 On a dead level with two spacious Meads.
 Round which a Sylvan Scene ascending grows—
 Here from its Spring a chrystal River flows:
 A winding Vale the peaceful Flood receives,
 And here the Stream its glassy Bosom heaves.
 Of this thy Skill its native Course depriv'd,
 Judicious Owner! This thy art contriv'd.

Swift o'er the Waters glides the nimble Boat,
 While on the Surface frothy Bubbles float.
 Two smiling Loves adorn the shining prow,
 And silken Streamers lightly dancing flow.
 When faintly bright descending *Phæbus* gilds
 With milder Rays the clover-painted Fields;
 When a low Murmur whispers thro' the Trees,
 And smiling Flow'rs enrich the balmy Breeze:

The breathing Hautboy and the sharper Flute,
 With vary'ng Tones the mellow Fiddle suit.
 Then sooth'd by Harmony the Passions rise,
 And pleasing transport kindles in our Eyes.
 Th' Amusement all with equal Rapture share,
 And ev'ry Breast is free from ev'ry Care.

On ev'ry Side tall Trees the Scene renew,
 And stand in Avenues to ev'ry view.
 Unlabour'd Fields sweet-smelling Odours bring,
 And fragrant Herbs, the promises of Spring.
 The blended Odours fill each mazy Grove,
 And wing'd Musicians chirrup Songs of Love.
 When the Sky blushes with departing Light,
 And falling Dews proclaim th' approach of Night,
 The gabbling Wild-Geese in a lengthen'd Train,
 Here soar aloft, and cleave the azure Plain:
 The Clouds with golden Edges float along——
 And safe Retreats conceal the feather'd Throng.

Just at the Southern End of this Canal,
 And at the head of a delightful Mall.
 A Grotto stands, adorn'd with various Shells;
 In whose deep hollow list'ning Echo dwells,
 Here curious Works and Busts amuse; and here,
 Large Sheets of pannel'd Looking-Glass appear;
 Which to false views the entring Eyes invite,
 And most agreeably deceive the Sight.
 When on the parching Earth in sultry Days,
Apollo darts his most directed Rays;
 When his Meridian Beams collected beat,
 And ev'n the thickest Shades are pierc'd with heat,
 Cool as the * Fair One's Grotto was of old,
 Where the young Stranger his Adventures told,
 To that fair Nymph, who sev'ral Years before
 Receiv'd his Father on her grateful Shore;
 Or ev'n as *Thetis* Grot——
 O'er Head is built a Pleasure Room; and here,
 We view the Glories of the rip'ning Year.
 Beside the Door a Bowling-Green is spread
 Near fifty Foot Diameter——and made
 In form a Circle, regular and neat;
 Round which is rais'd a decent, mossy Seat.
 To this, contiguous from a shelving Wall,
 In foamy curls the murm'ring Waters fall.

Into

* *Calypso*, Queen of the Island *Ogygia*.

Into this fair Canal—at th' other end,
 Superfluous Bubbles o'er a Bank descend.
 The gentler Stream from hence a Channel leads,
 In wild Meanders by the flow'ry Meads;
 And, wand'ring thro' a venerable Wood,
 It steals a Passage to its native Flood.

On the North Side (the Work of latest Years)
 A Stately Range of Offices appears.
 A well-pay'd Court receives the welcome Guests,
 And chearful Smiles invite their social Breasts.
 A vaulted Kitchen first salutes our view,
 In Model-lofty, square, genteel and new.
 To this an arched, lightsome Passage leads,
 And joins the Mansion to the stately Sheds.
 The Stables built Magnificent and Grand;
 On Pillars neat the well-wrought Arches stand:
 In just proportion ev'ry Brick is laid,
 And ev'ry Stone a firm Support is made.
 Th' Apartments all are regular and neat,
 Compact, convenient, ev'ry way compleat.
 Those Buildings long shall charm succeeding Days,
 And tell to future Times the wise Contriver's Praise.

From hence the Kitchen Gardens hang, and here
 Delicious vegetables Feast the Year.

Spring here and Autumn in Succession reign;
 The Earth still Blooming and the Air Serene.
 Orchards and Forests here promiscuous grow,
 And Ponds, multangular, are seen below.
 In clust'ring Swarms the Bees despoil the Flow'rs,
 Rife their Sweets and range the blossom'd Bow'rs.
 With recent Wax their concave Cells they fill,
 And from themselves ambrosial juice distill.
 While some are traversing the Fields, at home,
 Others are building the laborious Comb;
 Abroad they search what all the Flow'rs produce,
 And hoard their Summer's Gain for Winter's Use.

With Trees aspiring ev'ry Hill's array'd,
 Yet not incumber'd with ungrateful Shade.
 In ev'ry Angle feather'd Troops repair,
 And shave with level Wings the passive Air.
 Here stately Steeds and Herds and Flocks all round,
 Behind the Gardens graze the motley Ground:
 In well-divided Parks on mossy Beds,
 They lie by Streams that murmur thro' the Meads.
 Here Silver Riv'lets by the Pastures glide,
 And tall Patrician Trees adorn their Side.

Soft-footed Winds skim o'er th' enamell'd Fields,
And ev'ry Flow'r a soothing Odour yields.

A Pigeon house, contiguous on a Rock,
Erected stands ; where, when the Silver Flock
Is rous'd, in Fright they all their holes forsake,
And thro' the Dome their downy Pinions shake :
While tow'rd's the top they rise, there falls below
A show'r of Feathers like a show'r of Snow.
The callow Young sit murm'ring in their Nests,
And trembling lean on their unfeather'd Breasts.
At first the Concave with their flutt'ring rings ;
To smother Flight they soon expand their Wings,
And light on some adjacent Roof ; where they
Renew their Loves, and sweetly-cooing play ;
Or in the Field survey their promis'd Store,
And then return when all the Danger's o'er.

Convey me, Goddess, to the Eastern Side,
Where an huge Mountain boasts Romantic Pride ;
Whose bulging Brows in wildest order rise
Rude, Chaos-like, and seem to prop the Skies.
Th' unequal, craggy Masses hang ; and hence
The spangled Rocks reflect an awful Glance.
Here * an high Wall o'er a vast tract of Ground
Performs a winding, long, laborious round.
Here watch the tender Deer, their fearful Fawns
Stray thro' the Shrubs, and browse the Marshy Lawns.
Securely here they first each other chase,
Then couchant lye at Ease in close recess.
Here from the Heath the black-tail'd Moor-cock springs,
And slowly moves his Wet-incumber'd Wings ;
Till from an hostile Gun a Show'r of lead
Breaks forth in Fire and Smoak, and strikes him dead.
The shudd'ring Pout with Wings expanded lyes,
His Feet draws to his Breast, and with a spring he dies.

Unto the painful summit of this height
A gay Gazebo does our Steps invite.
From this, when favour'd with a Cloudless Day,
We fourteen Counties all around survey.
Th' increasing prospect tires the wandring Eyes :
Hills peep o'er Hills, and mix with distant Skies.
But, as they sharpen in th' ethereal hight ;
Their rudeness lessens to our distant Sight.

Beneath

* Here I am conscious of transgressing the Rules of Poetry ; a Line of Monosyllables being seldom allowable.

Beneath the Shade of this incumbent Hill
 The space between embroider'd Valleys fill :
 Upon its Sides impending Fragments grow ;
 Th' expanded Arms of Pleasure lie below.
 A thousand Beauties still remain behind,
 That ask a Taste like *Addison's* to find.

Now down the trackless Steep my Steps I bend,
 To take a Bottle with my worthy Friend ;
 With whom true Candor, uncorrupt and sound,
 And chearful Temperance are always found ;
 In whom the Hospitable Spirit reigns,
 That all Excesses equally disdains.

All things within are kept exactly nice,
 As neat and gay as *Cupid's* Paradise.
 Here fine Oeconomy demands our Praise ;
 Here Female Management its worth displays.

Would restless Men, by love of Virtue fir'd,
 But view thee, *FLEMING*, from the World retir'd ;
 They soon might learn their Passions to subdue,
 T' increase their Happiness and Knowledge too :
 They'd not be forc'd to seek relief from Art,
 But be both sound in Health, and sound in Heart.
 Here you experience draw from what you've read,
 Converse with Volumes of the sacred Dead ;
 And here your Bosom constantly delight,
 With innocence all Day—with Peace all Night.

F I N I S .





ADVERTISEMENT.

Letters for the Author, are taken in at
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